MAY 12, 1980 $1.25

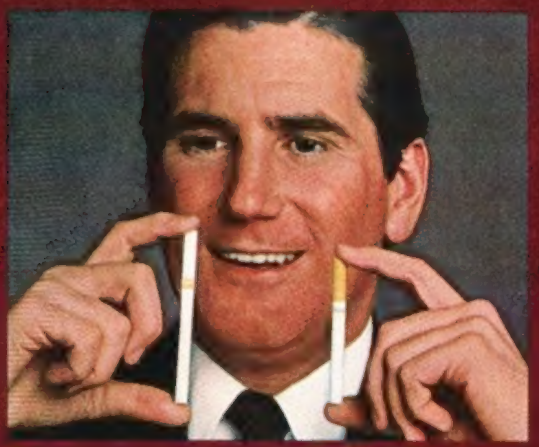
TIME

The Rescue Mission
Aftershocks

A Surprise for State

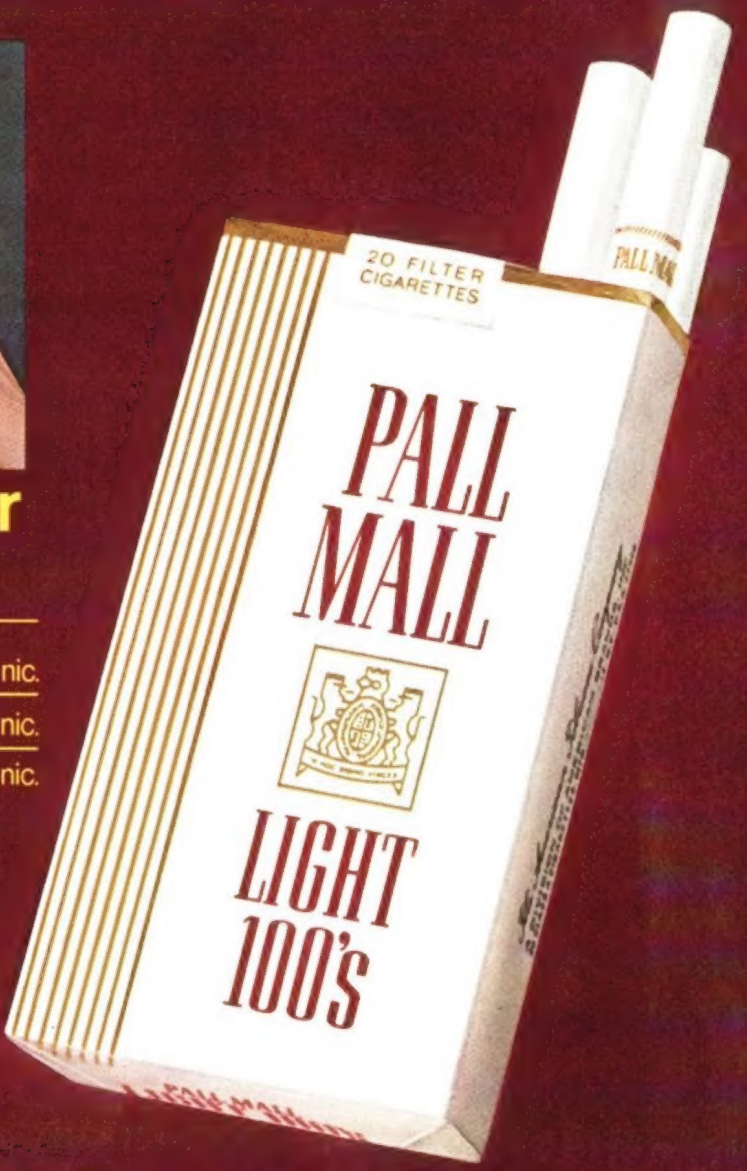
Senator Edmund Muskie

A third less tar
than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	12mg. tar 0.9mg. nic.
Winston 85	20mg. tar 1.4mg. nic.
Lowest brand	less than 0.5mg. tar 0.05mg. nic.



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Cleanliness may be next to godliness. But in some Dutch harbors, it was next to impossible.

The well-known feeling of the Dutch for cleanliness didn't stop at the water's edge.

And what they saw in some of their harbors was disconcerting, to say the least.

Every time that a ship pumped water out of its bilge, there was a good chance waste oil would be pumped out with it.

The result was a worrisome oil slick—a slick spreading over many of the world's harbors these days.

(Indeed, back in 1973 an international maritime ruling called on ships everywhere to monitor their oil waste, to avoid worries like these.)

What to do? Some of the people of ITT came up with an ingenious answer—an optical fiber device that carefully "watches" a ship's bilge water.

A laser beam scans the bilge waste being pumped out. And if the oil levels are too high, an alarm goes off.

So, the pumping can be stopped.

Our ITT device was the first anywhere to be government certified, meeting the required performance standards for this urgent monitoring task.

Obviously, no one expects to unpollute the world's harbors overnight.

But the least we can do is give it a good, clean try.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

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MAY 12,1980 Vol. 115 No. 19 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Ah spring, season of hope, young love, baseball and journalism awards. Each year more than half of all national prizes for editorial and photographic excellence are presented in April, May and June. At the midpoint of this awards season, TIME has already captured a wallful of major honors. Last week the prestigious Overseas Press Club of America added three more. Correspondents Walter Isaacson and Donald Neff were given the O.P.C.'s Mary Hemingway Award for best magazine reporting from abroad, for their work on last year's cover story "The Colombian Connection: Billions in Pot and Coke." Neff interviewed drug enforcement officials in New York, Miami and Bogotá, and surveyed by small plane the clandestine airstrips and marijuana plantations of Colombia's remote Guajira province. "We got shot at when we flew too low," says Neff. "They probably thought we were hijackers after their crop." Isaacson, who wrote the story, haunted seedy cafés in New York City's Jackson Heights to talk with distributors at the other end of the "Colombian connection."

Iranian Photographer Kaveh Golestan, who has risked his life and freedom to cover Iran's revolution for TIME, received the O.P.C.'s Robert Capa Gold Medal. The award for best photo reporting from abroad went to David Burnett for pictures taken mostly on assignment for TIME. Burnett was also named Magazine Photographer of the Year in the University of Missouri/National Press Photographers Association competition and won the organizations' newsmagazine first prize for his photo of a Cambodian refugee mother and child. (The same photo was chosen Press Photo of the Year in the 23rd World Press Photo Contest.)

LEVIN—BLACK STAR

Burnett, Neff, Isaacson at O.P.C awards dinner

Other organizations honoring TIME journalists include Georgetown University, which awarded the Edward Weintal Prize for distinguished reporting on U.S. diplomacy to Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott. The National Intelligence Study Center cited Associate Editor Edwin Warner for his Essay "Strengthening the CIA." The Atomic Industrial Forum honored Senior Writer George Church for his Essay "Looking Anew at the Nuclear Future." The White House News Photographers Association awarded its Presidential Class first prize to Dennis Brack's photo for TIME of the Carters visiting Japan. And spring is only half over.

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Painting by Skip Liepke.

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Cover: Carter is jolted by Vance's resignation. He picks Muskie for Secretary of State, who must work out a *modus vivendi* with Brzezinski. Vance's final thoughts, an interview with Kissinger, and views of other experts. *See* NATION.

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World: Thousands of Cubans take the freedom ride to Florida. ▶ Tehran learns what it is like to have an embassy seized. ▶ Violence in the West Bank town of Hebron. ▶ Tito's death creates uncertainty about Yugoslavia's future.

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Architecture
Mexico's Luis Barragán, a poet with gardens and fountains, wins the $100,000 International Pritzker Prize.

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Pope John Paul II starts a six-nation, eleven-day tour of black Africa, a key growth area for world Christianity.

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The long gray lines of jobless begin to form. ▶ Two top Chicago bankers ousted. ▶ British Steel gets a Yankee import.

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It was a bad week for ABC, with news of a possible fee fraud involving *Charlie's Angels* and a court loss over plagiarism.

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After a long trial, a Georgia jury finds Bert Lance, Jimmy Carter's former Budget Director, not guilty of bank fraud.

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For physicists, it is a ghost story with a surprise ending that could stir their world and shake the universe far beyond it.

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Show Business
Some stars are born in a Massachusetts town that has what may well be the best magic show since Fu Manchu's day.

74
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Alfred Hitchcock, British-born king of existential suspense *(To Catch a Thief, North by Northwest, Psycho)*, is dead at 80.

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Press
Walter Cronkite for Vice President? He denies a report he'd run with Anderson, but thinks politics might be fun.

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A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine is a funny, silver-screen spoof. ▶ *Barnum* is all circus hoopla and Jim Dale.

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We live on an island with no repairman, so a Maytag Washer is a must for me, writes Mrs. Barclay.

I loved my old Maytag Washer so much, I also got a Maytag Dryer and a Maytag Dishwasher.

It's quite a hassle and expense getting a repairman to come from the mainland to Texada Island, British Columbia, states Mrs. Florence Barclay.

That's why I wouldn't have anything but a Maytag Washer, she continues. She knows they're built to last longer and save money with fewer repair bills, because her first one went 10 years with just one repair. "A close friend now uses our 10-year-old Maytag Washer and it continues to do good service," she writes.

Florence and Harry Barclay

Last year Mrs. Barclay needed to replace her old dryer, so she decided to go all the way — new Maytag Dryer and a new Maytag Washer, too.

I'm fussy about clean dishes, says Mrs. Barclay, and my Maytag Dishwasher does such a super job.

All told, she now has three Maytags—a washer, a dryer, and a dishwasher. They are everything I expected in a Maytag and a joy to use, she states.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytag Washers will equal that record. But long life with few repairs is what we try to build into every Maytag product. See our washers, dryers, dishwashers, and disposers.

XIII OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES LAKE PLACID 1980

Maytag is the Official Dryer of the 1980 Winter Olympic Games.

MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa 50208

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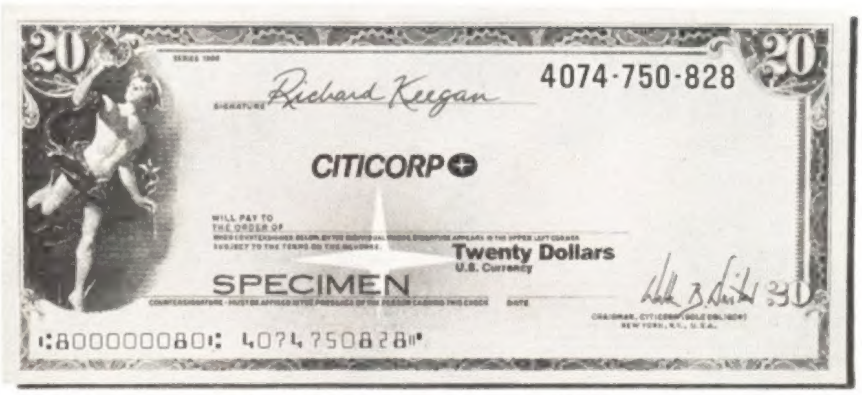

The Citicorp Travelers Check.

If you can't use them where you're going, maybe where you're going isn't there.

Just a few of the places we're welcome...

Carrara, Italy
New York, New York
Amman, Jordan
Manama, Bahrain
Casablanca, Morocco
Dunstable, England
Montevideo, Uruguay
Portland, Oregon
Kowloon, Hong Kong
Abidjan, Ivory Coast
Feuerthalen, Switzerland
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Cannes, France
Seoul, Korea
Valencia, Spain
Kashmir, India
Punchbowl, Australia
Tijuana, Mexico
Sabah, East Malaysia
Lusaka, Zambia
Canberra, Australia
Bridgetown, Barbados
Brasilia, Brazil
Columbus, Ohio
Monte Carlo, Monaco
Hollywood, Florida
Maputo, Mozambique
Boca Raton, Florida
Madras, India
Bucharest, Rumania
Houston, Texas
Quezon City, Philippines
Brussels, Belgium
Sanaa, Yemen
Wilmington, Delaware
Basel, Switzerland
Stockholm, Sweden
Rochefort sur Mer, France
Karlsruhe, Germany
Bristol, Tennessee
Medellin, Colombia
Esperance, Australia
Paris, France
Los Angeles, California
Doha, Qatar

Milano, Italy
Dover, England
Capetown, South Africa
Malaga, Spain
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Laon, France
Namur, Belgium
San Cristobal, Venezuela
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Adelaide, Australia
Eureka, Missouri
Rawalpindi City, Pakistan
Racine, Wisconsin
Mombasa, Kenya
Asheville, North Carolina
Rorschach, Switzerland
Banbury, England
Coos Bay, Oregon
Belgrade, Yugoslavia
Liechtenstein
Dearborn, Michigan
Katmandu, Nepal
Fukuoka, Japan
Aruba, Netherlands Antilles
Miami, Florida
Innsbruck, Austria
San Salvador, El Salvador
Torshavn, Faeroe Islands
Poona, India
Nice, France
Papua, New Guinea
Jeddah, Saudi Arabia
Cincinnati, Ohio
Botany, Australia
Tortola, British Virgin Islands
Cagliari, Italy
Hannover, Germany
San Sebastian, Spain
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
Kinshasa, Zaire
Salt Lake City, Utah
Geneva, Switzerland
Bordeaux, France
Richmond, Virginia

Mulheim, Switzerland
Salzburg, Austria
Kansas City, Missouri
Managua, Nicaragua
Nicosia, Cyprus
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Scone, Australia
Austin, Texas
Papeete, Tahiti
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Cairo, Egypt
Hokkaido, Japan
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Guanajuato, Mexico
Ruwi, Oman
Detroit, Michigan
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia
Lisbon, Portugal
Ba, Fiji Islands
Boise, Idaho
Soissons, France
Arlington, Virginia
Darlinghurst, Australia
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Zurich, Switzerland
Ciudad Real, Spain
Buenos Aires, Argentina
Orlando, Florida
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Khulna, Bangladesh
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Malvern, Australia
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Albury, Australia
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Sioux City, Iowa
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Lugano, Switzerland
Lacey, Washington
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Croydon, England
Dayton, Ohio

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Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela
Guadalajara, Mexico
Indianapolis, Indiana
Johannesburg, South Africa
Kotara Fair, Australia

Montego Bay, Jamaica
Yamagata, Japan
Pretoria, South Africa
Rouen, France
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
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Prosperity, South Carolina
Papakura, New Zealand
Bangor, Maine
Safat, Kuwait
Fishkill, New York
Trujillo, Venezuela

Nagoyashi, Japan
Ahmedabad, India
Brest, France
Parsippany, New Jersey
Seremban, Malaysia
Pasto, Colombia
Kawasaki, Japan
Cebu City, Philippines
Brugg, Switzerland
Ottawa, Canada
Gaillac, France
Pickens, South Carolina
Gorham, Maine
Framenfeld, Switzerland
Arequipa, Peru
Warrawong, Australia
Ancona, Italy
Dives sur Mer, France
San Fernando, Trinidad
Wyong, Australia
Egg, Switzerland
Bolsward, Netherlands
Juan Griego, Venezuela
Aracaju, Brazil
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Stockton, California
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Sunshine, Australia
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Dunkerque, France
Orly, France
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Quetta, Pakistan
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Letters

Capitalism

To the Editors:

Capitalism in the U.S. is alive and working [April 21], but it is not well. And you can thank the Federal Government for that. It is excessive governmental controls that have killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

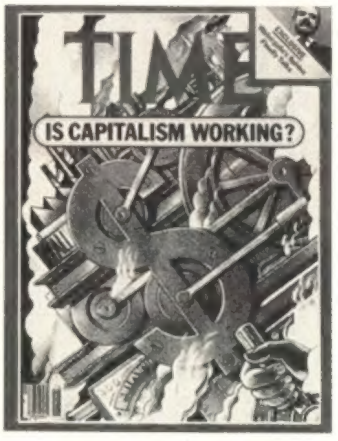
William B. Mullan Jr.
Chester Springs, Pa.

In response to the question on your cover: yes, that is exactly what capitalism is—working.

James Silver
Ann Arbor, Mich.

You glibly gloss over serious charges against capitalism, among them the perpetuation of gross inequalities of wealth and consequently opportunity, ecological disaster resulting from a system that favors corporate profits over a clean environment and human welfare, stress on the individual. Capitalism offers economic freedom only to those who already have the capital to play around with.

Karen Erdos
Waterville, Me.



To cure the Depression, capitalism was forced to save itself by creating the economic mechanisms that produced inflation and the consumer mentality. Capitalism had to destroy the Protestant ethic of thrift and create, through advertising and other mechanisms, a hedonistic culture of free spenders. Now this solution threatens capitalism, so we are told to stop spending, stop consuming.

Mark Colvin
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Our American manufacturing economy is at a crossroads in this decade. We are either going to learn to make the most of the system as the Japanese do or become a second-rate industrial nation like the United Kingdom. Nobody has said it better than George Taber: it is time for management, labor, government and our educational institutions to quit kicking the system and each other and concentrate our efforts together on making it work.

Oliver W. Wight
Newbury, N.H.

Palestinian Identity

The Israeli policy is that there are no Palestinians [April 14], just "residents." Unfortunately, Israel seems to believe that ignoring the Palestinians will, in time, make them disappear. As evidenced by their pride and obsessive desire to return to their lands, the Palestinians are hardly willing to conform to this wish. Since we support the Israelis unswervingly, I think it is our obligation to awaken them before their dream world collapses into a bloodbath.

Raymond Porfiri
Coral Gables, Fla.

Thirty years is too short a period to forge a national identity. The word Palestinian is used as a club with which to beat Israel. Were Israel to be destroyed, its territory would be seized by Jordan or Syria, and the Palestinians would resume their former status as Jordanians or Syrians. Paradoxically, it is Israel that gives life to the Palestinian dream. They could not survive as a separate people.

Baruch Goshen
Johannesburg

One aspect of supreme importance that may decide the entire Israeli-Palestinian issue regardless of politics, history and hatred was neglected—that of demography. The population growth of the Palestinians inside Israel is greater than that of Jewish Israelis. Should this unbalanced population growth continue, the Israelis will find that by the end of this century, almost half of the inhabitants will be Palestinian, and by 2100 the Jewish Israelis will be a minority in the land they wrested from the Palestinians.

Martin Watterson
London

The Liddy Life

Watergate's G. Gordon Liddy [April 21] resembles a robot programmed for death, destruction and mayhem when the proper buttons are pushed. We are fortunate that as bad as they were, Nixon, Mitchell, Haldeman, Dean & Co. never pushed the ultimate button.

Mrs. Frank I. Ford
Cleveland

The interesting question is not how lunatics become lunatics, but how they attain positions of authority.

Pat Kelly
Cambridge, Mass.

G. Gordon Liddy was misborn. Had he entered the world in Germany around 1915, he would have been in the right place at the right time to participate fully in Hitler's mad melodramatics and violent follies.

Jack Risdell
New York City

Thanks for offering such a generous sample of Liddy's self-revelations. They have a horrid fascination. The sad thing is that Liddy is so obviously unhinged. That he is running around loose again frightens me even more.

G. Aubrey Young
Fort Collins, Colo.

To G. Gordon Liddy's self-imposed requirement to eat a roasted rat and his activities as an adult, I can only remark, "You are what you eat."

Kaleen Ann Knee
Studio City, Calif.

Liddy's saga of political pornography belongs in a case history of schizophrenia.

Jim Polk
St. Augustine, Fla.

Cuba and the Undesirables

It is amazing that Fidel Castro would label those Cubans who sought asylum at the Peruvian embassy in Havana bums, delinquents, drug addicts and prostitutes [April 28]. Since most were people who grew up under Communism, it seems inconceivable that there should be any such elements left. As a former Cuban refugee, I tend to believe that the real undesirables are the ones in power now.

Miguel Milanes
Oklahoma City

Was not Odysseus' horse a "present" for Troy? Might there be any similarity to Castro's "refugees"?

Josephine Spemann
Winchester, Mass.

Good Man, Uncertain Leader

Hugh Sidey's "Too Good a Samaritan" [April 21] offers an excellent explanation of why many of us admire President Carter as a person while questioning his ability to lead our country. I hope Mr. Carter keeps in mind that when America turns the other cheek, the cause of freedom is left practically unprotected.

Franklin Rosell
Miami

It is ironic that the very qualities described by Sidey—compassion, concern for the individual and restraint in confronting one's enemies—that led the people to choose Carter as their leader may be the reasons for his ultimate downfall.

Helen W. Joffe
Hamilton, Ohio

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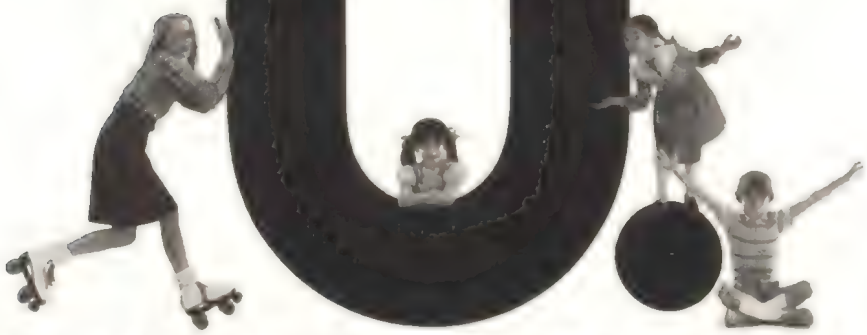

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Carter announcing Muskie's nomination. Back row: Adviser Brzezinski, Defense Secretary Brown, Vice President Mondale, Vance

TIME MAY 12, 1980

COVER STORIES

A Surprise at State

Muskie takes over for Vance—but who really will run foreign policy?

"There has absolutely got to be an end to the confusion over who speaks for you."
—Cyrus Vance to President Carter, after resigning as Secretary of State

"It will be a much better relationship than people assume. I believe we will get along very well."
—National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski to TIME, commenting on Vance's designated successor

"The President has left no doubt in my mind. I will be the foreign policy spokesman."
—The successor, Senator Edmund S. Muskie, to the press

At 6:30 on Monday morning, a tall, dignified man emerged from his home in Northwest Washington, D.C., and began to walk slowly through the rain toward the end of his career in Jimmy Carter's Administration. As he made his way, he leaned on a cane to ease the pain of gout in his right foot. A cluster of reporters were waiting, and while he said nothing of substance, he was polite—he is always polite. Then he climbed slowly into his limousine and began his final official trip to the Oval Office of President Carter. The two men talked for 17 minutes, but it was only a formality. The necessary letters had already been exchanged. Cyrus Vance, 63, no longer was Secretary of State.

Vance's resignation, which shocked the country, stemmed directly from Carter's decision to attempt a military rescue of the hostages in Iran. Vance had sharply opposed the venture, the last battle he was to fight and lose in the inner circle of the President's advisers. When he saw that Carter's course was set, he had tendered his written resignation—four days before the ill-starred mission.

If the resignation was a surprise, so was Carter's reaction to it. On Sunday night, while Vance was tossing sleepless in his bed, the White House phone operators tracked down the President's quarry in a hotel in Nashville. At first the tall, rumpled man with the familiar craggy features thought that Carter was calling to discuss the federal budget, or perhaps a fishing trip to Maine. But the President had a different subject in mind: he wanted Senator Edmund S. Muskie, 66, to become his new Secretary of State. Within 36 hours Muskie agreed.

The reasons behind Vance's quitting raised grave questions about nothing less than President Carter's methods and judgment in forming foreign policy. On one level, the resignation involved a personal struggle. As Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance had lost his duel with National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, 52, over who was to be the chief architect of the Administration's foreign policy. Perhaps even more important, the resignation reflected the power that had accrued to the office of National Security Adviser, a post that was not even a part of the U.S. Government until 1953.

For Carter the week's events had still another implication. The departure of Vance, perhaps the most admired man

THE SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON

Monday, April 21

Dear Mr President:

I have the greatest respect and admiration for you and it is with a heavy heart that I submit my resignation. It has been a privilege and a high honor to serve you and our nation at the

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 28, 1980

Dear Cy:

I accept your resignation with regret, but with deep appreciation for your dedicated and effective service to our country.

Raid aftermath: charred wreckage and abandoned helicopter in Iran. Insets: Vance and Carter's exchange of letters

in the Cabinet, the quintessential team player and a person of unimpeachable integrity, could only damage the President's re-election chances as Carter prepared to leave the Rose Garden and launch himself personally into his campaign for the presidency. Since November he had been saying that he could not properly run the nation's affairs while campaigning, particularly because it was necessary for him to give almost minute-by-minute attention to the plight of the hostages. "Times change," he announced last week, "and a lot of responsibility that was on my shoulders has now been alleviated to some degree." It was a conclusion that not everyone agreed with.

The strains that finally forced the resignation of Vance had been developing since virtually the start of the Carter Administration. Though they were never friends, Vance and Brzezinski hoped initially that they could work together. They recognized that they had different styles and strengths. Brzezinski was combative, intellectually pyrotechnic, a conceptualizer: Vance was conscientious, methodical, an implementer. They thought they could complement each other.

But there were differences that went beyond style. The most fundamental was over the basic question of how to handle relations with the Soviet Union. Vance believed that the best way to make the Soviets behave was to engage them in a variety of mutually beneficial diplomatic, economic and arms-control deals so that they had a stake in avoiding conflict. Brzezinski thrived on policies of confrontation. As the tempo of world events seemed increasingly to vindicate Brzezinski's pessimistic readings of Soviet intentions, Vance lost more and more battles. The Secretary was especially depressed by the hawkish tone of Carter's State of the Union address in January, which was largely Brzezinski's work. Although he took care to hide his feelings publicly, Vance became embittered. Said one Vance aide: "It is safe to say that the Secretary despised Brzezinski." Commented another: "Vance found Brzezinski dangerous and erratic, a man who had no appreciation of the consequences of rhetoric." Brzezinski, for his part, came to view Vance as opposing any move that might offend the Soviets out of fear that it would jeopardize negotiation or ratification of the SALT II treaty, which to Brzezinski's

The Secretary's last visit to his office

A lone vote against the mission.

way of thinking became a kind of obsession with Vance.

Vance's relations with Carter deteriorated also. Initially, the two men—Carter an engineer, Vance a lawyer—saw each other as problem-solving managers and got along well. But Carter prizes a quality that he calls aggressiveness, which he found overflowing in Brzezinski and lacking in Vance. "That goddam Vance," the President said to aides one day early this year, had failed to denounce Ted Kennedy sufficiently when Kennedy tried to take credit for an Administration plan to free the hostages.

When confusion between the White House and the State Department resulted in the badly bungled U.N. vote against Israel, a vote that Vance gamely took full responsibility for, the President was livid. Said one congressional leader who attended a meeting at which Carter cut loose about Vance: "I never heard him run down anyone so sharply, certainly not a Cabinet member. He repeated it all a couple of times."

Worried and isolated, Vance began to show the strain. Increasingly in private he would burst out with uncharacteristic obscenities, and he drank more than usual. But for the most part, as the loyal soldier, he held his tongue—until the affair of the Iranian rescue mission.

Brzezinski was one of three officials entrusted by Carter last November, immediately after the hostages were seized, with formulating a rescue plan. Much refined and scaled down, the scheme was presented at a meeting of the National Security Council on April 11. Carter presided. Brzezinski drew up the agenda. Vance was absent on a four-day vacation in Florida. He did not know the plan would come up. Carter told the group his preliminary decision was to go ahead. Vance was represented by Warren Christopher, his deputy, who had not been fully briefed on the secret plan and did not know Vance disapproved of it. Therefore he said nothing.

Muskie pondering Department of State secret file in his Senate office last week

"I accepted this job not to be second in foreign policy but to be first."

On returning to Washington on Monday, April 14, Vance learned to his dismay that the plan had been approved. He asked to see Carter immediately, and did the next morning. The President, while not changing his mind, agreed to let Vance present his objections at a follow-up meeting of the National Security Council. Vance did—without mentioning resignation, which was already in his mind—but persuaded no one. He repeated his objections in at least three private meetings with the President during that week, but again got nowhere.

Vance was opposed to the mission on a number of grounds. To begin with, he thought—correctly, as events turned out—that the mission was poorly conceived in strictly military terms. Vance had had a good deal of experience to help him make that judgment: during the Viet Nam War, he had been both Secretary of the Army and Deputy Secretary of Defense. He had seen far simpler operations fail, and he was convinced that this one was much too complex. Those years in the Pentagon, said an aide, had given him "a healthy distrust for what those wonderful guys with their flying machines can really do."

That, however, was a secondary objection. Even if the mission succeeded, Vance was worried about the consequences. Iran could round up Americans remaining in the country—perhaps 200 all told—and hold them hostage, leaving the U.S. in a worse position than ever. He feared there would be anti-American riots that might topple the regime of Iranian President Abolhassan Banisadr—a weak one, but the only U.S. hope for relative moderation. The mission could inflame the Muslim world, and give the Soviet Union new possibilities of exacerbating tension throughout the Persian Gulf region.

At one of his private meetings with Carter, Vance finally said he would resign if the rescue mission went through. Carter asked him to stay. Vance said he would continue in office if he could dissent publicly about the mission. Carter reluctantly agreed, and Vance left the Oval Office. But after a few minutes he returned. "Forget I said that," he told the President, and then explained that he felt it would be wrong for him to make public his lack of support for such an important venture.

Finally, on Monday, April 21, Vance retreated to his private office on the seventh floor of the State Department building to write out a letter of resignation in longhand on official stationery. He asked his wife Grace to drive in from their home to lunch with him, and he read her the letter. After making a few changes, he carefully copied it over in his tight, slanting

Brzezinski pondering his next move while aboard a flight to the Middle East in 1979

script. That afternoon—as the C-130s were being readied and the *Nimitz* was steaming into position—Vance delivered the message to Carter in an eight-minute private session in the White House Map Room.

The President kept the letter, but left open his invitation that Vance reconsider. The Secretary agonized about the decision throughout the week, going over the pros and cons of resignation with Aides Peter Tarnoff and Anthony Lake. Meanwhile, the raid had occurred—and failed.

It was not until noon Sunday that Vance phoned the President to confirm his determination to quit. His move incensed some of the President's aides, who had no idea it was coming. Said one: "It's a terrible thing to do. He could have stayed around long enough for Carter to repair himself." On Monday morning the formalities were completed; this time Carter did not request Vance to reconsider. During their final talk, Vance recommended that he be succeeded by Deputy Secretary Christopher.

Carter, however, had his own candidate in mind. Muskie. Vice President Walter Mondale also favored Muskie. He doubted that the reserved Christopher could accomplish a necessary job: moving Brzezinski back into the shadows a bit. Mondale and a number of White House staffers believed that the National Security Adviser was hurting Carter by acting so flamboyantly. Muskie, they felt, could handle Brzezinski: he was well known for his self-confidence and his hair-trigger temper.

Then, too, the White House wanted Muskie because he could do a job that Vance could not. Says one top Carter aide: "We wanted someone with a stronger inclination toward recognizing and using the press and presenting and explaining U.S. foreign policy. We had a vacuum there, where someone with Zbig's natural inclinations just moved right in."

Muskie also had superb political credentials. He was both a staunch supporter of a President who values loyalty highly, and a respected member of the chamber that must confirm him. Muskie's confirmation hearings are unlikely to turn into a Senate inquisition of the Administration's foreign policy.

Carter needed no urging about Muskie. He has long admired the Senator and briefly considered him as a vice-presidential running mate in 1976. As chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, Muskie had worked hard on behalf of the President's programs. The two men developed a personal rapport, something that the President has found hard to establish with many of the leading Senators. Said Campaign Director Robert Strauss, who wanted the job himself: "Muskie was Carter's first and only choice. The President felt Muskie's judgment was good, his mind tough, and he thought Muskie could balance his team."

The immediate White House problem turned out to be finding Muskie to ask him to take the job. The Senator was on his way to Nashville to deliver a speech to the Association of Metropolitan Sewerage Agencies. Eventually the President located him in Nashville on Sunday and asked him to become Secretary of State. "You really like to deal in blockbusters, Mr. President," said Muskie. Replied Carter: "You're my first choice, and the only one I've talked to."

Muskie promised to think it over and get back to Carter on Monday. Before he could, the President phoned again to press him to take the job. That night the pair talked. Says Muskie: "I wanted to be clear in my own mind what role he wanted me to play. I thought if I had any value to him, it would only be if I had the significant, substantive role as his foreign policy spokesman. That's what he wanted: a strong Secretary of State, aggressive in assuming that role. He knew well enough what kind of person I was."

Muskie will start with some grave handicaps. Although he has served for six years on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he is no expert on U.S. policy abroad. Last week officials overseas were trying desperately to learn more about him. The Japanese Foreign Ministry hastily put together a two-page background memo on Muskie, but, admitted one official, "it only contained what has been in the newspapers."

Muskie will unquestionably have support from the foreign offices of America's allies. Vance was tremendously respected abroad, and his loss made the allies anxious. Said a British official of Vance: "A wise head, an experienced and accomplished diplomat and a fine professional." Said a senior chancellery official in Bonn: "What apparently concerned Vance about the rescue mission is exactly what worried us. And that he stood alone in the closest councils of the President only proves that our worries about the Administration are sound." A Foreign Minister returning from the summit meeting of the European Community cited European fears that Vance's departure would leave an opening at the top that would quickly be filled by Brzezinski, who was mistrusted. Said a Quai d'Orsay diplomat: "It's not just Brzezinski's rabidly anti-Soviet line that galled, it was his erratic personality. In negotiations, we found him intellectually undisciplined." Dominique Moïsy, an analyst at the French Institute of International Relations, observed: "Some Europeans believe that Carter and Brzezinski negatively complement each other—the natural vagueness of Carter and the adventurousness of Brzezinski." Moscow was greatly relieved that the job would not go to Brzezinski, a man who they feel is a Soviet-hater by nature and who is often attacked in the Soviet press as a peddler of "slander and obvious lies."

Muskie's immediate and overriding problem will be to work out a *modus vivendi* with Brzezinski that fully establishes the Secretary of State's position. It will not

Cy *vs.* Zbig

The struggle between Vance and Brzezinski came to a head in April 1978, when the Soviets and their Cuban proxies dramatically escalated their intervention in Ethiopia. Brzezinski urged a show of force; Vance argued that it was not the right time or place to draw the line. For one thing, contended Vance, the Ethiopian government had asked for Soviet-Cuban assistance in repelling an invasion by Somalia. That made it harder to charge Moscow with aggression.

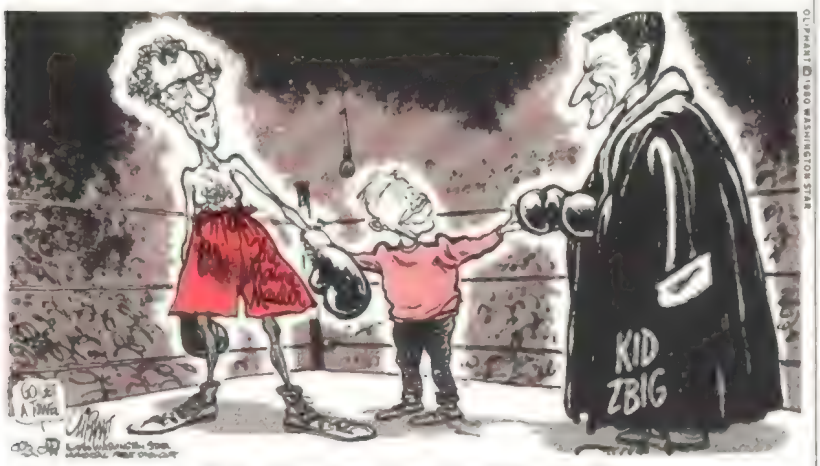
Vance won that round. To this day Brzezinski believes that if he had prevailed two years ago and the U.S. had stood up to the Kremlin over Ethiopia, the Carter Administration would have impressed congressional hard-liners, chastened the Soviet leaders, preserved détente and secured enough support for the ratification of SALT II. Because of that incident and others, Vance's temperamental reluctance to get involved in fights was too broadly interpreted by his critics. They saw him as being soft on Soviet expansionism.

At the end of 1978, Brzezinski stage-managed one of the Administration's boldest strokes, the normalization of relations with China. That development came as a double blow to Vance: first, because he had been off in the Middle East while Brzezinski was sealing the deal with Peking; second, because when he met Andrei Gromyko in Geneva for what was supposed to be the final SALT session, the meeting produced yet another impasse, in part because of Soviet unhappiness over Sino-American normalization.

Vance's partisans felt that Brzezinski had deliberately undercut the Secretary and inadvertently sabotaged SALT. Brzezinski concluded that the Kremlin saw Vance as weak and was toying with him. Although he knew that the Soviets disliked him personally, Brzezinski felt they would be more likely to come to terms with him than with Vance. The White House floated the idea of Brzezinski's undertaking a mission to thrash out SALT and the relationship with the Soviets. Vance drew the line and the idea died.

The invasion of Afghanistan was widely interpreted in Washington as confirming Brzezinski's more sinister view of the Soviets. It could just as well have been seen as confirming Vance's view that with détente on the skids, SALT in limbo and anti-Sovietism resurgent, the Kremlin would figure it had little to lose by invading. Then last month came the clash between the two old rivals over the wisdom of the raid to rescue the hostages—and that ended the struggle.

be an easy task. The National Security Adviser is a man of strong views directly put. Brzezinski likes to say, "In life you must take risks," and he shapes his policy thoughts accordingly. His favorite historical figure is Napoleon. He often quotes a phrase he attributes to the Emperor: *"On s'engage et puis on voit"* (roughly, "You act and then you see"). A less favored and not yet historical figure in Brzezinski's pantheon is Henry Kissinger; it has been a career-long ambition of Brzezinski to outshine Kissinger. He is still annoyed that when both were teaching at Harvard, Kissinger was granted tenure and he was not. Princeton Professor Richard Falk recalls a dinner held by journalists toward the end of the Ford Administration at which someone showed up wearing a rubber mask grotesquely caricaturing Kissinger's features. Brzezinski put it on and laughed and laughed. "He couldn't stop," recalls Falk. "It was surreal."



"I should warn you, I have a terrible temper!"

Brzezinski's policy views, many colleagues contend, have been molded largely by a background of Polish intelligentsia and exile. Born into a moderately wealthy family in Warsaw, he was taken to Canada at the age of ten when his diplomat father was posted to Montreal before World War II. When the Soviets installed a Communist government in Poland after the war, the family was cut off from its homeland for good. Says one Columbia professor: "Brzezinski thinks like a Pole. With hundreds of years of Polish history behind him, he is pathologically opposed to Russia and its modern-day successor, the U.S.S.R." Recently a ranking Soviet official summed up Brzezinski as follows: "Once a Pole, always a Pole. And we know about Poles."

As National Security Adviser, Brzezinski has impressive strengths. "He is the best briefer in the U.S. Government," says a White House staffer, and even opponents concede his talent for summing up a wide range of policy views quickly and cogently. It was Brzezinski who coined the term arc of crisis to describe the area stretching from the Indian subcontinent to Turkey and southward through the Arabian Peninsula to the Horn of Africa, the crucial crescent where U.S. and Soviet influence now clash.

But Brzezinski's brilliance, claim many colleagues, is flawed. His critics bristle at his flamboyant wooing of the press and his talent for the extravagant gesture. Visiting China, he led his hosts in a race at the Great Wall, declaring: "Last one to the top gets to fight the Russians in Ethiopia!" In Pakistan, he visited the Afghanistan border and brandished a rifle in the general direction of Kabul.

Says one Columbia professor who knows him well: "He is too quick. He does not let his thoughts mature. Zbig produces ideas like sausages, one after another. It is a contradiction, I know, but Brzezinski is brilliant and shallow at the same time." In the White House, Brzezinski has shown a distressing propensity to shift his views mercurially—partly, say his critics, to rationalize failure. For example, after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Brzezinski argued passionately that Pakistan had to be built up as a bulwark against further Soviet expansionism. When Pakistan rejected U.S. aid, he downplayed the problem. Such oscillation is especially dangerous, Brzezinski's critics charge, because it reinforces a similar tendency in Carter.

What especially worries domestic critics of Brzezinski is that he is the top staff man for what has become one of the most powerful bodies in the U.S. Government, the National Security Council. The council is composed of the President, the Vice President and the Secretaries of Defense and State. Its advisers are the Director of Central Intelligence and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The job of the National Security Adviser and his staff is to identify problems that should be brought to the President, to collect information and recommendations on issues and to lay out the policy choices. When a decision is reached, the NSC communicates it to the agencies involved and sees that it is put into effect. These functions cannot be performed adequately by the State Department, which, in the bureaucratic world of Washington, would have trouble coordinating other agencies.

The NSC has developed other powers and prerogatives. Foreign policy papers for the President from various agencies are funneled through the NSC. The staff notes the pros and cons and sends them to Carter. Says one presidential assistant: "Most are fairly presented."

If a memo on foreign policy comes into the White House from a Cabinet officer, Brzezinski's staff attaches a covering note, summarizing the issue and presenting other possible courses of action. Sometimes Brzezinski adds his own thoughts. Vance became so disconcerted by this procedure that he began discussing matters with the President privately rather than putting his ideas down on paper so they could be topped by Brzezinski's.

But Brzezinski's influence over Carter's decisions on foreign policy go far beyond the control of paperwork. He has taken thorough advantage of his opportunity to present his recommendations directly to Carter. Every morning the first appointment on the President's schedule is with Brzezinski. Sometimes they meet for only a few minutes, sometimes 15 or 20, and the session sets the tone for foreign policy discussions during the day. Every evening Vance used to send a letter to the President, which Brzezinski did not see. But the final phone call of the day usually came from Brzezinski.

In Washington, proximity can be vital in exerting influence: the Department of State is half a mile from the Oval Office; Brzezinski is about 75 feet away. The National Security Adviser frequently sees Carter half a dozen times a day, often more than Vance did in a week, though the Secretary always had free access.

When Muskie becomes Secretary of State, he will have to cope with the NSC's well-entrenched system and Brzezinski's well-established routine of speaking directly and often to Carter. The Maine Senator is convinced that he will have no trouble, and Brzezinski claims to see no problems ahead. Says he: "The President's line is set. The policy is defined. Muskie is a centrist. I'm largely a centrist. I don't want to fight. He doesn't want to fight." And Brzezinski quips: "Senator Muskie's view of the world and mine are bipolar."

Perhaps. The expressions of good will are reminiscent of the mood of optimism when Vance and Brzezinski were setting out at the beginning of Carter's Administration. Muskie will probably have to exert the full force of his formidable personality if the Secretary of State is once again to assume his proper role as the principal spokesman for U.S. foreign policy. ■

He Won't Be "Eaten Alive"

Muskie's aim: to forge a foreign policy consensus

The man Jimmy Carter wants as his new Secretary of State, not surprisingly, disagrees with his predecessor on the issue that precipitated Vance's departure—the aborted raid to rescue the hostages. "I'd be disappointed if that option had not been explored and tried if feasible," says Ed Muskie. But he adds that he does not feel "comfortable" with the military options and believes the side effects entail "pretty high risks." Though he has no exact formula as yet, the Senator from Maine would like to offer Iran some incentives to surrender the hostages—what he calls "a carrot as well as a stick."

Muskie told TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil: "In terms of the violation of international law, they are entitled to nothing. We could be involved in this kind of standoff for the indefinite future unless, without submitting to blackmail, we can put together a package that builds on the pressures they must feel—the internal fragmentation, their worsening economy, the incursions on their borders."

Humphrey and Muskie in 1969

DIANA H. WALKER

Defending SALT II at a hearing on Capitol Hill

Skilled in the artful uses of righteous indignation.

Weeping in Manchester, N.H.

Muskie is appalled by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. "The Soviet Union [must] know and understand that we must resist and object in the strongest terms to their policy of intervention." But he adds that "we have to have constant communications, action and reaction, until both sides have a clear perception of how the other side stands. I don't think it means you have to go around saber rattling or missile rattling. It's to our mutual interest to reach an agreement on nuclear arms and to find a way to live on this planet together." Muskie may soon be talking to the Soviets. plans are being discussed for a meeting with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Vienna in mid-May.

Though he plans to "walk carefully and not step on anyone's toes," Muskie is determined to be directly involved in policymaking. "The Secretary of State has to be, as far as capacity permits, creative. The problems we face require that ability. I've got to enmesh myself in a lot of details. Ideas are going to be at a premium, and I'm especially going to tap the resources in the State Department."

Above all, Muskie wants to revive a genuine bipartisan foreign policy by working closely with Senate Republicans. "The way to do it, and the way I did it in the Budget Committee, is to make clear to the minority that I am interested in their input. They have to be in on the takeoffs as well as the landings."

One Muskie trait could obstruct a bipartisan policy: his famed, explosive temper, which resembles the thunderous Mandalay dawn. His face reddens, his finger wags, he appears to swell even larger than his imposing 6 ft. 4 in., and then he erupts. But his fellow Senators, even those who have been the target of his wrath, think his temper is manageable. A pinstriped smoothie he may never be, but, says Wisconsin Democrat Gaylord Nelson, "He doesn't become irrational. He's not going to dump a bomb on the Soviet Union and then say: 'Let's negotiate.' And he doesn't stay mad very long." Says Florida Democrat Richard Stone, who has been tongue-lashed by Muskie: "I think he uses his temper. It doesn't use him." Muskie tends to agree: "I do blow my stack," he admits, "but tactfully and strategically. A little righteous indignation at the right time can do wonders."

Muskie's relations with Carter got off to a bad start in the first year of the new Administration. The Senator detonated when Carter abruptly abandoned the Administration's proposal for a $50 income tax rebate to stimulate the economy. The President broke a public promise, charged Muskie, and disappointed people who expected to get the money. The Senator exploded again when Carter announced a hit list of water projects, including the Dickey-Lincoln dam in Maine that Muskie wanted. The President later prudently withdrew the Maine project from his list.

Muskie is unapologetic. "If you're going to shift course," he explains, "you ought to take your friends on the Hill into your confidence. We thought it important he learn that lesson early." But Muskie says he genuinely likes his boss-to-be. "He's got a good mind. He works hard. He doesn't deserve all the harsh treatment he gets. Our personal relationship has always been pleasant."

A foreign policy adviser in the White House declares: "Muskie is a good strong arguer. He also knows how to accept defeat. He's a compromiser in the best sense. He has an innate decency to go along with a good intellectual capacity. He'll be tough with the Soviets, both in getting a deal and sticking to it." Says Carter: "Ed Muskie doesn't have to come to me to make sure I prop him up." He will have enough clout, continued the President, "not to be eaten alive by the State Department bureaucracy before his feet are on the ground."

Muskie is a mixture of Polish combativeness and Yankee taciturnity. The second of six children of an immigrant Polish tailor who settled in Maine, he became a fervent debater in high school in the mill town of Rumford. He went on to graduate from Maine's Bates College and Cornell University Law School. Elected to the Maine house of representatives in 1946, he ran for Governor in 1954 and scored a startling upset in a traditionally Republican state. He got along so well with his Republican-controlled legislature that he was even invited to join the G.O.P., an honor he declined. Again against the odds, he was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1958. He became a skilled legislator with an instinct for timely compromise and a deep knowledge of environmental affairs. He won the ultimate accolade from President Lyndon Johnson: "He's one of the few liberals who's a match

for the Southern legislative craftsmen."

Looking for somebody to help heal his savagely divided party, Hubert Humphrey chose Muskie as his running mate in 1968. That decision almost saved the election for Humphrey. Muskie emerged as the star of the campaign because of his Lincolnesque calm and restraint. In 1972 he was considered the Democratic front runner, but he stumbled fatally while campaigning for the New Hampshire primary. Outraged by a charge in the arch-conservative Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader* that his wife Jane had a penchant for cocktails, Muskie stood in front of the newspaper office in a snowstorm to denounce Publisher William Loeb: "That man doesn't walk, he crawls." The Senator choked up and tears rolled down his cheeks. He claimed he was not weeping, but the damage was done. "It cast a pall over the remainder of our effort," Muskie said later. "We could never quite get over it." He won the New Hampshire primary, but the press decreed that he had not done well enough; ultimately he lost the nomination to George McGovern.

His presidential ambitions behind him, Muskie plunged back into his Senate duties, assuming the chairmanship of the new Budget Committee in 1975. He succeeded in forging a bipartisan coalition that this year, for the first time, produced a balanced budget. He somewhat modified his New Deal liberalism and became more of a fiscal conservative, though he continued to rage at what he considered to be overzealous budget cutters. When 46 Senators tried to limit federal spending in fiscal 1981 to 21% of G.N.P., he revealed that 34 of them had recently voted to breach the budget to provide more funds for veterans' benefits and disability insurance. Oozing sarcasm, Muskie said, "It is encouraging to see that so many of these Senators who refused to pay the price for fiscal discipline just one month ago are now eager to make public demands to end such profligacy." Says Oklahoma Senator Henry Bellmon, ranking Republican on the Budget Committee: "He's an enormously able person, a pragmatist without many ideological hang-ups."

After back surgery in 1977, Muskie began to take life easier at his suburban Washington home, where he lives with Jane and their youngest child Ned; the older four have moved away. Every morning he takes a long walk, and when he can he pedals his Exercycle. In the summer, he commutes to Kennebunk, Me., where he swims in the ocean before breakfast, gardens and sometimes sews, a skill he learned from his father. He says that he has gone as far as he wants to in public life. "I'm never going to run for political office again," he said last week. "All good things must come to an end, and this is the last stop." Yet it is unlikely that he will now slacken his pace. Chances are there will be plenty of Mandalay thunder rolling out of Foggy Bottom. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Value of Proximity

It all began in 1953 on the third floor of the Executive Office Building across the street from the White House and for the most part out of sight and sound of the President. The first National Security Adviser was a kind of aide-de-camp to Ike, more clerk than policy planner. But the next thing we knew, he had moved across the street and was in the White House basement, close to the President's communications center, a lope or two from John Kennedy's ear. When we woke up a few months after Nixon's Inaugural, the adviser, in the shape of Henry Kissinger, had claimed the best office in the West Wing at the President's own level. It was a measure of the enlarging role.

From almost every corner last week, Ed Muskie was warned about the problem that Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's National Security Adviser, would create for him. If it wasn't Brzezinski himself, it was that damnable job that kept getting in the way of Secretaries of State. Unless, of course, like Kissinger, one controlled both jobs.

Kissinger himself sent private word that Muskie must establish and hold a very special relationship with the President or the Secretary would falter as an architect of U.S. foreign policy. That relationship, Kissinger suggested, might demand such a simple thing as making sure that Muskie saw the President every morning before Brzezinski was allowed into the office. The Secretary of State, not the NSC aide, should set the direction and tone of the day's doings in the world. "That means Muskie had better arrange an appointment at 5:32 a.m. when Carter is in his shower," suggested one wag familiar with the energy and ambition of Brzezinski.

Y. OKAMOTO

L.B.J. and Walt Rostow studying cables

Dean Rusk, Secretary of State from 1961 to '69, wrote to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in March, suggesting that the NSC adviser should not have the power to negotiate, nor should he have a press secretary running around town promoting the fellow's personality and position. "The Assistant for National Security Affairs should not attempt to organize his office as a mini-foreign office," Rusk wrote.

No real rules can be written for the relationship among President, Secretary and the NSC adviser in this era of power by personality. The central figure, as always, is the President. For instance, McGeorge Bundy, National Security Adviser from 1961 to '66, was a forceful intellect, but he never shouldered Rusk aside. The reason was John Kennedy, a man who studied world events and the shifts of power and had seasoned views of America's role. Lyndon Johnson, the domestic impresario, was less certain. He needed help and turned to Rusk, Robert McNamara, his Defense Secretary, and Walt Rostow, his NSC adviser. The value of being physically close to the President was fully realized in those years. L.B.J. was profoundly influenced by the fact that Rostow was always close by. Visitors being harangued by Johnson in the dead of night were often astounded when L.B.J. would mash one of his numerous signal buttons and Rostow would materialize out of the darkened corridors.

Nixon and Kissinger fitted like hand in glove. Nixon held the power but detested the details. Kissinger knew that a collection of details makes power of its own. He was an avid collector Nixon set the compass for American policy. Distrusting the State Department, he made Kissinger his field commander, a job Kissinger eagerly filled before moving on to become Secretary of State himself.

Carter's ignorance, inexperience and uncertainty about foreign affairs created the atmosphere for the Vance tragedy, the Muskie ascendancy and the new doubts about Brzezinski and his job. Not only was Carter unknowing about what to do in the world, but his contacts were so limited in the field of national security that he was uncertain where to turn. The man down the hall was the one who saw Carter first in the morning, before lunch and often at night. Brzezinski was an articulate and knowledgeable force, and he gave the White House a tilt that frustrated and thwarted Cy Vance. Ed Muskie's operational problem in the end will lie with Jimmy Carter, not with Brzezinski or his job.

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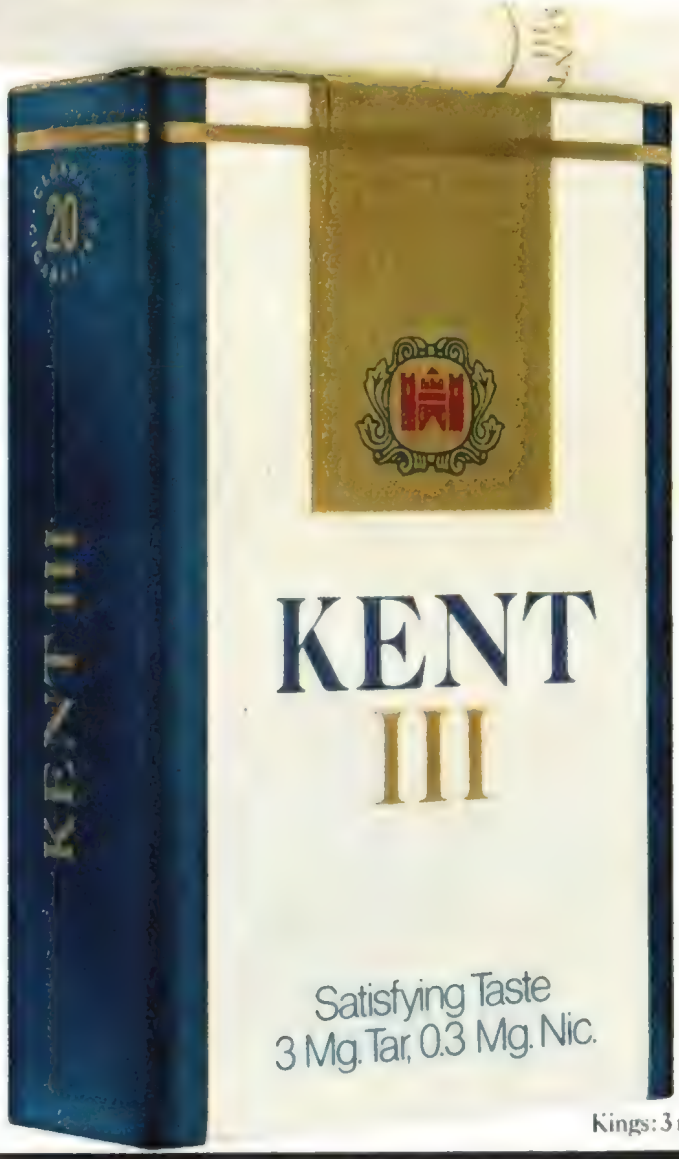

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Departure of a Good Soldier

The chilling of Soviet-U.S. relations blighted Vance's dreams

In his handwritten letter of resignation to President Carter, Cyrus Vance declared: "I look with pride and satisfaction at the many actions and new directions which have marked our foreign policy under your leadership." Then he listed the accomplishments for which he wants to be remembered. Yet even that recitation —by which Vance meant to console both Carter and himself—has a melancholy ring. It is a list of what may well turn out to be pyrrhic victories, noble failures and unfinished business:

The Panama Canal treaties. The Administration's knock-down, drag-out, barely successful battle for Senate ratification left political scars that have still not healed

The Camp David accord and the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty. That process, in which Vance played a key role, shows signs of slowing to a halt and perhaps collapsing altogether.

Normalization of relations with the People's Republic of China. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski handled the announcement in a way that worsened Soviet-American relations and humiliated Vance by making him look as though he had been cut out of the play.

The strengthening of our military forces and our alliances. The Administration's military buildup has threatened a new arms race with the U.S.S.R. without assuaging congressional hawks, and NATO is racked by new strains, including disagreements over whether to modernize U.S. missiles in Europe.

The negotiation of the SALT II agreement. This masterpiece of modern diplomacy is as much Vance's handiwork as anyone's, but it may never become law.

The new thrust and direction given to our relations with the nations of the Third World. The U.S. seems baffled and threatened by upheaval in the Third World as never before.

There were other policies that Carter and Vance unveiled with much fanfare three years ago but that have either been revised or reversed and therefore did not bear mentioning in the letter: the human rights campaign, the curbing of conventional arms sales, nuclear nonproliferation, the pursuit of normal relations with Cuba and Viet Nam, the withdrawal of troops from Korea.

If many of his lofty goals have proved difficult to realize and many of his attainments have been overtaken by events, some of Vance's virtues seem to have been neutralized by a combination of bad luck and his own shortcomings.

He came into office with an extraordinary reputation for honesty and integrity, and he resigned last week with that reputation remarkably intact. But he was dogged by the criticism that he had been too straight, too decent, too much a Boy Scout for the job. Even some of his defenders were sorry he had not been willing to roll up his sleeves and bloody his knuckles in the bureaucratic back alleys of Washington and in the struggle with

Final Thoughts

Since the beginning of the Carter Administration, TIME *Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott has covered Cyrus Vance closely, writing about the Secretary's behind-the-scenes struggles with the National Security Council and accompanying him on a number of missions abroad. Talbott reports on how the departing Secretary views the job that he is turning over to Edmund Muskie:*

Cy Vance has always been a clean-desk man, so it did not take him long to prepare to leave Washington. That gave him plenty of time on his last day to say goodbye to staffers. Some came out of his mahogany-paneled office with damp eyes. Vance's own voice grew husky.

For someone who had taken such a beating and whose friends thought he should feel emancipated by his departure, Vance seemed surprisingly uncheered by the prospect of a Caribbean vacation and a return to the more leisurely and lucrative life of a senior New York lawyer. Vance deeply regretted the circumstances that led him to resign, although he had no regrets about the resignation itself.

He would have liked to serve out his term, partly because he has never thought of himself as a quitter but also because he wanted to play a key part in what he sees as the biggest challenge facing the Carter Administration in foreign policy: salvaging détente.

The steady deterioration in Soviet-American relations over the past three years is, in Vance's view, the fault of the Carter Administration as well as of the Kremlin. He believes that President Carter came to the presidency with sure instincts and clear, correct goals on virtually every important international issue except how to manage the superpower relationship.

Vance is still puzzled by this one blind spot in a man whom he otherwise regards as a wise and potentially great statesman. Perhaps Carter's conviction that right makes might—that morality, truth and trust matter so much in politics—prevented him from viewing the Soviet Union more pragmatically at the outset, then caused him to overreact when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. Carter's lack of an intuitive grasp of how to deal with the Soviets, combined with his righteous wrath over their misbehavior, has made him all the more susceptible to what Vance sees as Brzezinski's excessive reliance on punitive policies.

Vance has supported the post-Afghanistan sanctions, but he believes that the U.S. must start talking to the Soviets again about how to rebuild détente and save SALT. However, he recognizes that perhaps first there had to be a clearing of the air, an end to nonstop stories about his feud with Brzezinski, and a resolution—in favor of the Secretary of State —of who is the President's principal foreign policy adviser.

Vance is confident that Ed Muskie will assert himself with, and over, Brzezinski, and that Muskie shares Vance's approach to U.S.-Soviet relations. The former Secretary is urging Muskie to keep the tentative date Vance had made to meet with Andrei Gromyko in Vienna this month.

Another piece of advice for Muskie and Carter: Vance concedes that his own overall effectiveness, and also the President's, has been severely hobbled by the preoccupation with Iran. That has got to stop even if the crisis goes on indefinitely. Muskie and Carter must delegate the job of monitoring the situation. Otherwise the highest level of the Government will be both exhausted and paralyzed.

As much as Vance disagrees with Carter's decision to order the hostage rescue attempt, he is convinced that the President did so in what he thought were the interests of the nation: that Carter's own re-election concerns played no part. Vance dismisses the fear of some of his own friends and colleagues that with him gone, the President will be more likely to act rashly or play domestic politics with U.S. foreign policy. Vance is more concerned about the outcome of the election itself. He hopes Carter gets another four years in order to finish the business, particularly SALT, that Vance has now reluctantly left behind.

the forces of anarchy and terrorism in Iran.

Vance was determined to bring an orderly, disciplined mind and decades of experience as a troubleshooter to bear on the supervision of foreign policy. He knew his strengths as a manager and as a patient negotiator. He had enough self-confidence not to be bothered by the inevitable unflattering comparisons with his stellar predecessor, Henry Kissinger. Vance did not even try to compete with Kissinger as a spinner of grand designs or as a globe-trotting diplomatic superstar.

But he found it hard to stay at home minding the store. After years of dealing directly with Kissinger, Vance's foreign counterparts wanted to see the Secretary of State himself, not some surrogate. Vance ended up flying nearly half a million miles on 85 trips, 34 of them abroad. It was mostly physical fatigue, aggravated by a chronic bad back that led him to announce in April 1978 that he would not serve a second term even if Carter were reelected. That characteristically forthright declaration was a tactical blunder of major proportion. It instantly made him a lame duck, a man presumably looking forward to getting out, and therefore at a disadvantage with those who were trying to get around him or undercut him.

Vance came into office with a far more coherent, sensible and innovative vision of America's challenge than was usually acknowledged. His most cherished goal was for the U.S. to learn to deal with Third World nations on their own terms rather than as pawns on the strategic chessboard. He wanted to develop a foreign policy that would allow the U.S. to accommodate itself to revolutionary change rather than always finding itself among the losers.

Vance's message was not in tune with the times. The seemingly endless crisis in Iran, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and the rash of leftist rebellions in Central America restored to fashion the traditional balance-of-power politics; the Soviet-American shouting match of the past year has all but drowned out the North-South dialogue.

Nor was Vance himself a forceful spokesman for the Administration's foreign policy. His speaking style is notoriously wooden and his prose flat.

Concedes former SALT Negotiator Paul Warnke, a close friend and defender of Vance: "It would have helped if he'd been a better pressagent for himself, if he'd done a better job of articulating. But part of the problem was actually to his credit; he's got an aversion to geopolitical blather and high-sounding vacuity. He instinctively mistrusts any attempt to impose an overarching design on what is essentially an *ad hoc* process."

Peter Jay, who served as British Ambassador to Washington during the first two years of the Carter Administration, credits Vance with repairing strains that had developed in allied relations during the Nixon and Ford Administrations, when Kissinger often negotiated with Moscow over the allies' heads. Says Jay: "Cy Vance showed a very reassuring willingness to consult and to give time to issues that fell below the grand geopolitical concerns of the superpowers. He is very good at conducting hardheaded negotiations, but he is also good at settling matters out of court if possible. That is pretty close to the European approach."

Vance and Gromyko at SALT talks in 1978

Pyrrhic victories and unfinished business.

Vance leaves behind considerable admiration at the State Department, but it is tinged with disappointment. On the one hand, the foreign service officers are grateful to him for devoting many hours to testifying on Capitol Hill on behalf of reforms that would improve salaries and benefits, streamline an archaic and occluded promotion system, and raise the quality and morale of ambassadors. Unlike Kissinger, Vance showed great respect for the professionalism of career diplomats and increased their role in day-to-day policymaking.

But the participatory system he introduced did not entirely mesh with his own rather remote personality. He was awkward in large meetings, uncomfortable about knocking heads, and he preferred to delegate unpleasant jobs. Even some of Vance's staunchest admirers at Foggy Bottom fault him for not going to the mat more often to protect the department against empire building by other agencies.

With Begin during Egyptian-Israeli talks

No bloody knuckles in back alleys.

The far more important battle that Vance could never bring himself to wage with a vengeance was with the National Security Council and Zbig Brzezinski. In a number of conversations during the postelection transition in 1976, the two men agreed that one of their biggest problems would be to keep their staffs from each other's throats. They turned out to be right. Immediately after his Inauguration, Carter promulgated presidential Decisions 1 and 2, a plan for restructuring and strengthening the National Security Council. A group of Vance's aides bearded their boss in his office and alerted him to what they saw as Brzezinski's opening move in a power play against the State Department.

Vance told them: "I'm not going to make an issue over it. The best way to keep it from becoming a problem is not to get all excited about it." One of his aides persisted. Vance frowned and his eyes narrowed. "I don't want to hear any more of this," he said sternly. "We're not going to have that kind of squabbling."

Yet the squabbling continued for the next three years, both behind closed doors and, increasingly, in public. When a sensitive piece of information about Soviet-American relations leaked to the press, a number of top NSC officials immediately —and falsely—accused Vance's Soviet affairs adviser, Marshall Shulman, of being the source. When an article appeared revealing a U.S. espionage operation, a middle-level State Department officer spread the rumor—false—that Brzezinski's deputy, David Aaron, had planted the story.

Vance repeatedly tried to declare and then enforce a truce between his troops and Brzezinski's. He tried by setting an example, almost never allowing himself to be provoked into criticism of the NSC. He ordered his deputies to play down his disagreements with Brzezinski over the most fundamental issue of all —the right way to handle the Soviets.

Vance's intimates say that he reached an all-time low of physical exhaustion and discouragement in mid-March, when he had to take the heat for the botched U.N. Security Council vote on the Israeli settlements, a foul-up for which Vance was only partly responsible. But even then he was not seriously contemplating resigning. In that sense, his disagreement with the President and Brzezinski over the ill-fated Iranian rescue operation was not the last straw. It was, all by itself, the cause of his quitting. Had he been able to support President Carter on the Iran decision, Vance would almost certainly have soldiered on, tired but proud, until Jan. 20, 1981. — ***Strobe Talbott***

Kissinger: What Next for the U.S.?

The urgent need, he says, is to restore credibility

Henry A. Kissinger is the only person ever to have served as both National Security Adviser and Secretary of State. For a 26-month period, in fact, he held both jobs simultaneously. Thus he is in a unique position to comment on Cyrus Vance's resignation as Secretary of State and on the part played by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski in that stunningly timed departure. In the following exclusive interview with TIME *Washington Correspondent Gregory Wierzynski, Kissinger talks of the tensions that arise between the two powerful jobs, suggests some rules that should govern relations between the Security Adviser and the Secretary, and confesses how he realized belatedly that he had violated most of them. Finally, he discusses some directions that the new man at Foggy Bottom might pursue in formulating U.S. foreign policy at this critical time.*

Q. If you were in Edmund Muskie's shoes, what would be your agenda of priorities?

A. His first necessity is to get control of the State Department, to establish his direction. My impression is that the morale of the department's members is poor, that they have not felt that they were the central part of the policymaking process. To restore a sense of participation, he has to give them a sense of responsibility. I don't mean this as a criticism of Secretary Vance, whom I admire enormously and whose departure in my view was hastened by this state of affairs.

Then, the next priority has to be the closest possible relationship with the President. You cannot conduct foreign policy as a contest between the President and the Secretary of State; they must be partners, with the Secretary, of course, as the junior member. The relationships that have worked best—say, Acheson and Truman, Dulles and Eisenhower and, I must say, mine and Ford's—developed when the President and the Secretary understood each other's thinking perfectly, and the question of principle between them never would arise.

Third, we need a restoration of American credibility. The President will not reestablish our foreign policy position until he admits this to himself. Foreign leaders, friends as well as adversaries, do not believe that our policy is steady or that it has a clear-cut sense of direction.

Q. Was the President right to make the hostages his No. 1 foreign policy priority?

A. I do not object to the priority but to the publicity. There were two mistakes. One was to proclaim the hostages the central issue of foreign policy; the price goes up by the very importance you attach publicly to the hostages. The other mistake was to create the impression that there was some price we would pay to get them released. This turned it from an issue of principle into an issue of haggling over terms.

Q. What is the way out of the deadlock now?

A. In November, if two or three weeks of diplomatic efforts had not achieved their release, I would have favored a blockade through the mining of the ports. If it had been done very suddenly, it would have been very hard for them to reorient their economy without enormous disruption. And maybe the threat of our doing

that would have got the hostages released. Today we have to assess the situation in terms of what alternative sources the Iranian authorities have already developed, basically the Soviet Union. In short what would the real effect of a blockade be? Also, what would be its impact on other gulf states? What is the relationship of the Afghan to the Iranian crisis? Therefore, I think we have to pursue a more patient course than the one I would have advocated in November. We have to be sure we prevail if we move.

Q. You are for attempting to move the hostage issue into the background?

A. If somebody developed a plan with a good possibility of success, I would be urging a confrontational course to demonstrate that you cannot humiliate the U.S. with impunity. But I would oppose some spasm that doesn't succeed. I would not take a step just to placate public opinion.

Q. Are economic sanctions the right course?

A. Yes, but everything has been done in too much slow motion. When you threaten, you must act fast; if not, the other side will have time to build up, to get used to the idea and to develop alternatives. Gradual escalation is the most dangerous course because it allows the other side to match you little step by little step. And when you have finally reached the end of the process, though any one step might have sounded minor, the accumulation of them is massive.

Q. The dialogue with Moscow has been nonexistent since the Afghan invasion. Should the Administration reopen it?

A. In the nuclear age we cannot be without a dialogue with Moscow. It is imperative for the preservation of peace. On the other hand, it is essential that we know what it is we want to talk about. And here we face two problems. I am not sure that our Government has a clear idea of what it wants to achieve in a dialogue. And I am sure that the alliance as a whole is divided as to what its common position ought to be; indeed whether it needs a common position. So the danger is that talks will either become purely atmospheric and give the illusion that progress is being made and thereby ratify what the Soviets have done in Afghanistan, or they will deepen the confrontation. Either course is undesirable. And that is the risk we are running with France, the Federal Republic and the new Secretary of State all planning uncoordinated talks with the Soviets and a European security conference looming in the fall in Madrid.

I believe it is essential that the leaders of the industrial democracies meet urgently for a political summit to develop some strategy so that in the contacts with the Soviets that I favor, there are some coherent positions. Otherwise negotiations with Moscow become a way of self-neutralization.

The absolute imperative to get across to the Soviet Union is that their definition of détente is simply unacceptable. Their definition of détente is to be permitted to defeat us peacefully. They either have to accept that they cannot undertake a geopolitical offensive, or they have to give up détente. They have to make a choice. Look at what has happened since '75: Cuban troops in Angola, Cuban troops in Ethiopia, Soviet bases in South Yemen, Ethiopia and Libya; and in the past few years, there have been the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, Vietnamese occupation of Cambodia under the cover of a friendship treaty, a Soviet brigade in Cuba (which I tell you happened after '76, no matter what nonsense is being put out; dangerous nonsense, because the Soviets know when the brigade was put there), encouragement of terrorist groups all over the world, including Central America. If that process continues, some sort of confrontation is inevitable. So they have to be prepared to speak about detailed rules of coexistence. In return, we must be prepared to talk about

both economic relationships and arms control relationships. I would tell the Soviets that there will be no talks in economic and arms control areas until there is progress toward agreed restraint in international conduct.

Q. Has the failure of this Administration been to tackle the problems one at a time?

A. The Administration for several years has proclaimed its opposition to the concept of linkage. It has taken each issue on its merits and therefore has enabled the Soviets to pick those issues for negotiations that were most advantageous to them while being undeterred in other areas. One can say that the Administration has been both too tough and too soft at the same time: too tough in some of its human rights proclamations, which had no practical significance as far as the Soviet Union was concerned; too soft in the denials of linkage, in its hesitations in the face of Soviet expansion and the real reluctance to build a military force, without which we cannot possibly achieve what is necessary. Take the Carter Doctrine. The military budget has actually declined since the Afghan crisis in real terms. The capability to back up the new commitments is not being created. That is a great vulnerability.

Q. Would you favor the stationing of U.S. troops in the Persian Gulf area?

A. Yes. But above all I would favor a visible demonstration so that when we say we will defend something, a rational person would be able to explain to himself how we would go about doing it.

Q. Are you saying that the proclamation of the Carter Doctrine is confusing, or at worst dangerous?

A. It could be, if we do not create rapidly the forces to enforce it. There is a gap between our commitment and our capability. One of the signs that the threatened people so assess it is that nobody among those most threatened and most afraid has been willing to identify himself with it—Pakistan, Saudi Arabia.

Q. Do you have any advice for the Administration on the Middle East?

A. My only advice as the talks proceed is to define a framework that enables Jordan to participate. It is very difficult to have a West Bank settlement without the participation of Jordan. And I think there has been a breakdown of communications with Jordan.

Q. Do you agree, as Brzezinski has stated, that the Third World is where the action will be in the next decade?

A. The Third World is one of several arenas where the action has been in the past few years and much of it disadvantageous to us. It cannot, as Brzezinski sees it, be insulated from East-West relations. It is partly autonomous and partly overlapping. In an Administration that was intending to give top priority to the Third World, we have Iran in anti-American chaos, that whole arc of crisis more and more hostile to the U.S., India and Pakistan both vying for Soviet favor, a Soviet base in South Yemen, the Afghanistan occupation, a Soviet base in Ethiopia, Cubans and East Germans all over East Africa, Central America in anti-U.S. turmoil. And the last conference of the nonaligned passed the most virulently anti-American resolutions in the history of the movement.

Previous Administrations might not have paid adequate attention to the human rights issue, but the simplistic proclamation of human rights has too often undermined pro-Western governments. They are replaced not by democratic alternatives but by totalitarian, radical, anti-American, anti-Western ones. This seems to be happening in Nicaragua. Each of these changes brings a sort of rock slide. We now have crises in El Salvador, possibly in Honduras, and sooner or later this will have its effect in Mexico. So I agree with Brzezinski that we need a coherent policy for the Third World, but we have been too simplistic in thinking the radical elements of the Third World can be won over as partners.

"The National Security Adviser should not be perceived as one of the chief originators of policy."

Q. Has the Administration moved too fast toward rapprochement with China?

A. There has been a temptation to deal with China on a purely tactical level—to tighten our bonds when we are annoyed at the Soviets and slacken them again when things calm down. We should not use China to needle the Soviets. We need a long-term settled strategy that does not fluctuate with the ups and downs of our Moscow policy. We have a fundamental interest in the independence and territorial integrity of China. As China gets stronger, it may treat us with greater reserve; we should not delude ourselves about that. But in the next decade or so there will be a considerable parallelism of interest, which we should conduct soberly and really almost independently of our relations with the Soviet Union.

Q. What should the role of the National Security Adviser be?

A. The Security Adviser should not be perceived as one of the chief originators of policy. He should be the orderer of options. He should make sure that everybody gets a fair hearing. If he is a very wise man, he should be occasionally available to inject, on a very private basis, his own judgment to the President, much like the British Cabinet Secretary. He should not appear on television; he should not see foreign diplomats. If he does, he is conceived as the alternative to the Secretary of State. This gives foreign governments the opportunity to try two routes to the presidency. When I was Security Adviser I violated every one of these rules except the one that I never went on television. But I violated the spirit of what I'm saying. Further service convinced me that it was an unsound system. The best Security Adviser I know was General Brent Scowcroft. He had his own views, but you always knew that everybody would get a fair hearing. And he would not present anything to the President that he had not first discussed with the Secretary of State.

Q. When you were Secretary of State and General Scowcroft was the National Security Adviser, he obviously shared your views on foreign policy. Is this a requirement?

A. The top team in an Administration better share the same views after working together for some time. Government is not an academic seminar. If you seek to implement different philosophies simultaneously, the result is incoherence. General Scowcroft and I agreed, say 90% of the time, but we disagreed 10% of the time. If Scowcroft disagreed, he would say so to the President and I wanted him to do that. But I felt that if as Secretary of State I could not present an argument that would prevail over that of the National Security Adviser, I did not deserve to.

If serious people differ, it is an illusion to think that you can go through four years of an Administration like a college debating society. At some point the President has to choose which philosophy he wants to pursue if he wants to stake a claim to leadership. If there are philosophical disagreements, somebody has a problem of principle. The person who has a problem with principle ought to leave. On the other hand, if there is an agreement on principle, your disagreements are tactical and therefore soluble. This Administration has no coherent philosophy. If in the fourth year of an Administration, the Secretary of State resigns over principle, that is not a trivial matter. And it explains why it is that foreign peoples and foreign leaders have such a sense of uncertainty about where we are going. ■

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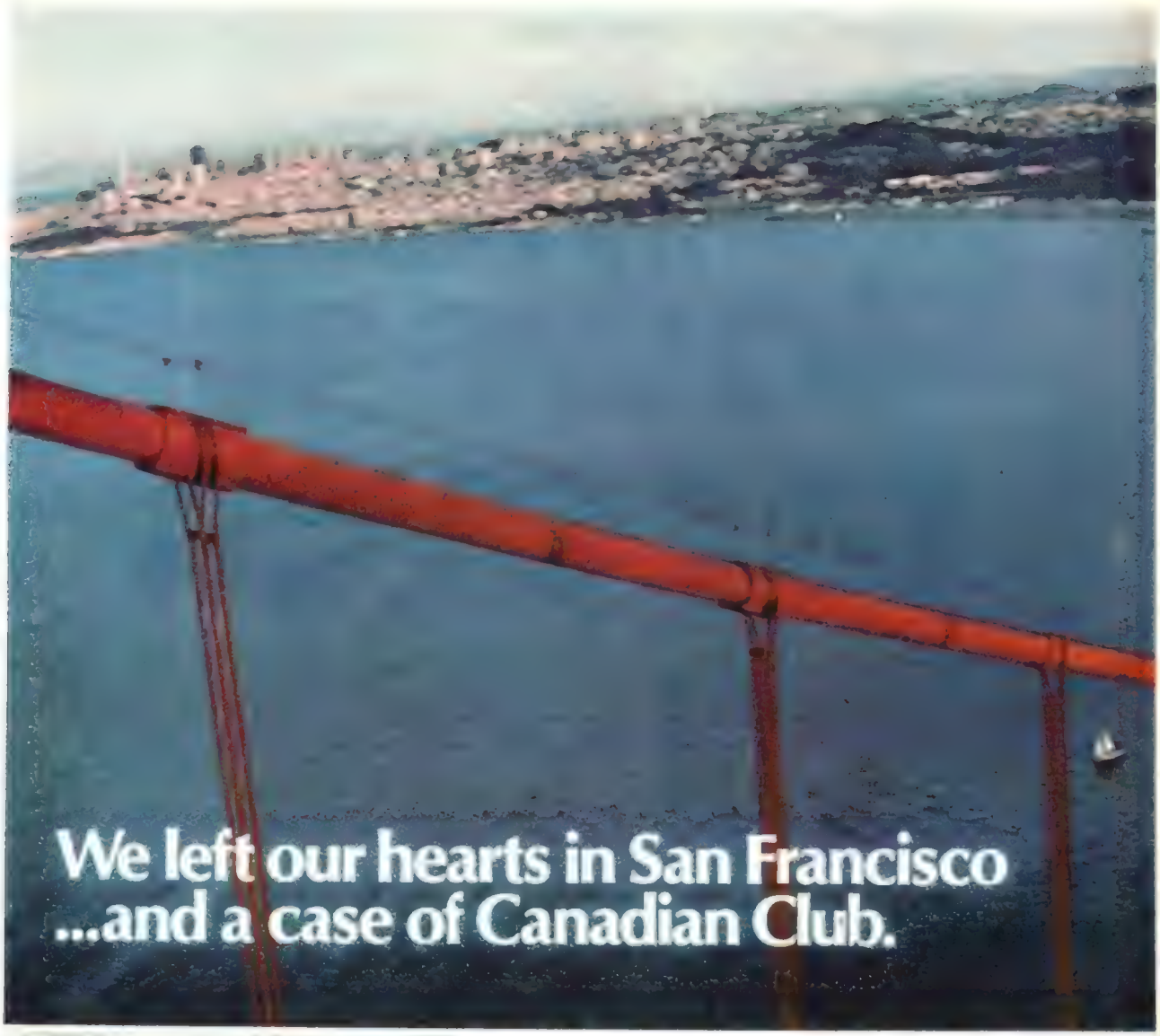

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Advice for the New Man

Foreign policy analysts offer their list of priorities

What should the U.S. do next about Iran, the Middle East, its frigid relations with the Soviet Union, its uneasy dealings with its allies, its frictions with the Third World? TIME *asked a number of foreign affairs specialists. Excerpts from their replies:*

NO MONOPOLY ON WISDOM

George W. Ball, 70, served as Under Secretary of State, the No. 2 job in the department, from 1961 to 1966, under Presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

Senator Muskie must quickly take control of our Iranian policy if we are to avoid setting in motion the same process of escalation that led us to disaster in Viet Nam. The measures we are now taking work against the achievement of our two objectives: to free the hostages and keep Iran out of the Soviet orbit. Their failure could start us down a dangerous road.

Economic sanctions are impairing whatever chance we might have to free the hostages by exploiting opportunities provided by the evolution of Iranian politics. Indeed, our escalating sanctions are less likely to free the hostages than get them killed. They will give the Ayatullah Khomeini a persuasive rallying point; they will assist Iranian Communist elements in the subversion they see as prelude to their ultimate takeover, and, finally, they will play into the hands of the Soviet Union, which is already promising to make up shortages created by our trade embargo. Imagine the propaganda dividends Moscow could reap through a massive airlift of food and supplies.

Ball

Since the President knows that the current sanctions will fail, he has already talked of moving toward some form of military action —presumably a naval blockade or, more likely, the mining of Iranian harbors. But what will we do when that fails? Will we bomb Qum and invade the oilfields? That was the Viet Nam pattern; each time an initiative fizzled out we raised the ante.

That is what terrifies our allies: they see the process of escalation gaining command, events taking over and the Administration losing its freedom of decision. Thus they have made clear that they will not support us in any form of military action. We should welcome their counsel and not resent it. If there is one humbling lesson to be derived from our misadventures in the past few years, it is that we have no monopoly on wisdom.

That does not mean, of course, that our allies cannot, or should not, help create conditions that may advance the release of the hostages. By breaking diplomatic relations with Tehran—particularly if joined by some Third World and Muslim countries—they could show the Iranian people that a government which violates the sanctity of an embassy becomes an international pariah. Not only would the resulting political isolation deeply upset such rational individuals as may exist within the Iranian hierarchy, it would, by taking the dispute out of a bilateral mode—America against Iran —blunt Iran's present sharp focus on hatred of our country.

So we should not leap to the easy and cynical conclusion that, in warning us against military action, European leaders are obsessed merely with their own narrow national interests. Though we may hate to admit it, they could in fact save us from ourselves.

A NEED FOR GLOBAL RESPONSES

Samuel P. Huntington, 53, is a professor of government at Harvard and a longtime friend and adviser to Zbigniew Brzezinski.

It is totally outrageous that 53 Americans should be held hostage in Iran. It would be totally calamitous if American foreign policy should also become the hostage of Iranian fanatics. Clearly the President must pursue every option possible to secure the release of the hostages: economic and, if necessary, military pressure on Iran; negotiations, where possible, with the various authorities that appear to abound in Tehran; and renewed rescue attempts if these seem to have even a modest probability of success. The primary impetus, however, for the seizure of the hostages originated in Iranian domestic politics, and voluntary release of the hostages will come only when there is a shift in power among the conflicting groups in Iran. The U.S. can do little to bring about that change. In the meantime, the hard truth is that release of the hostages is worth neither the disruption of the Western alliances nor the substantial increase of Soviet influence in Iran.

The Iranian crisis should not distract us from the more serious problems confronting us. First, there is the need to push forward with the reconstitution of U.S. military strength begun by the Carter Administration three years ago. The sustained Soviet military buildup, coupled with Soviet aggression in Afghanistan, makes this the No. 1 foreign policy priority. This will necessarily involve the following: the continued strengthening of NATO; pushing production and deployment of cruise missiles, the MX missile and Trident submarines to maintain nuclear parity; and the speedy development and production of weapons and equipment for the rapid deployment force.

Second, the Carter Administration has scored a number of notable diplomatic successes in resolving festering issues left over, in many cases, from the 1960s. These include the Panama Canal Treaty, normalization of relations with China, the multilateral trade agreement, the resolution, in support of the British, of the Rhodesia-Zimbabwe issue, the SALT II treaty and the Camp David agreements and Egypt-Israel peace treaty. In at least two of these cases, however, the process remains incomplete. The SALT II treaty is in the national security interest and should be ratified by the Senate, and the Administration also must press for movement toward autonomy for the Palestinians on the West Bank.

Huntington

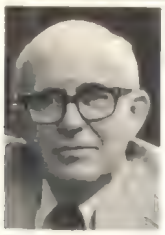
Third, there is a need to establish a new institutional framework for U.S. consultation and common action with its principal allies. Challenges to the industrialized democracies are now global in scope, and they require a global response. There is, however, no mechanism through which to develop such a response. At present the heads of government of the seven principal industrialized democracies do meet regularly to consult on economic issues. As a minimum first step, the formal agendas of these summits should be expanded to include the global political-security challenges these countries also face.

REAL TOADS, REAL TOADSTOOLS

Paul Seabury, 57, is a professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley.

"To every thing there is a season," according to *Ecclesiastes*. One season not mentioned is the one we are in: a time of anger and frustration. Such a time is particularly dangerous when anger vents itself on objects peripheral to vital interests. We are obsessed by a single matter and forget strategy; we are hostage to hostages. Washington continues its graduated escalation against an implacable, irrational regime. That policy failed in Viet Nam. The primary problem is Soviet power; we risk an Iran and even a gulf under Soviet hegemony.

Ecclesiastes' other seasons include the time to build. We need to restrain our moralizing as much as we need to har-


Seabury

ness our anger. Recently American moralizers have tried to purify everything they could: foods, politicians, intelligence services, our foreign policy and even our imperfect friends abroad. Obsessed with individual rights and safety, we have added to our collective danger; the unreformed world beyond our reach contains real toads and real toadstools.

As a leading German newspaper has said, "The West is ruled by rather young and physically robust persons who, however, belong to a political gerontocracy ... given to risk-reduction and a yearning for stability."

In rebuilding American confidence and strength we need a commonsensical understanding of the relativity of impurities. Which is dirtier—environmental pollution or dangers of vast unemployment? American covert action capabilities or more Khomeinis?

Concerning energy, we must develop every cost-effective resource in North America—nuclear, shale, strip mining, hydroelectric and oil—and strip away the layers of environmental and other constraints. With our intelligence services smashed, we must rebuild them to include even the dirty-tricks departments we recently reviled. We abandoned conscription; now we need a citizen army. During détente we allowed the Soviets to overtake us in nearly every category of arms; now we must seriously rebuild.

The Soviets must be given to understand that we perceive their aim of hegemony and find it unacceptable. They also must understand that a strong, confident America is preferable to an angry and frustrated one.

Outlandish as this may seem in an election year, we deserve a Government of national unity, of bipartisan leadership, as evidence of American continuity and resolve. We owe this mainly to ourselves, but also to a world bewildered by our previous inconstancy.

TOO MANY ADVISERS

Stanley Hoffmann, 51, is a professor of government and chairman of the Center for European Studies at Harvard.

The main task in foreign policy for President Carter and the new Secretary of State is not merely to repair the damage done to America's reputation by the failure of the rescue operation in Iran. It is nothing less than the definition —after almost four years marked by limited successes, overall inconsistency and drift—of a coherent political strategy.

A prerequisite is a reorganization of the foreign policy process. No other major power has, in effect, two ministries of foreign affairs. Even if the National Security Adviser were a saint, he would be tempted to use his office's proximity to the President to compete with the State Department. Not even a President more capable of devising and imposing his own course than Jimmy Carter can function well with two senior advisers.

The main substantive issue is not Iran, but the definition of a long-term policy toward the Soviet Union. The superpowers are on a collision course. If, to avoid a collision, we should fail to check Soviet power, we might—like Britain and France after Munich—have to resist later anyway, but in disastrous circumstances. However, if in our effort to contain Moscow we should react rashly, we might re-create 1914, when each camp believed that the time to seek a showdown had come because trends would be unfavorable to it later. Neither appeasement nor provocation should be our motto.

This requires a triple effort. One is already being undertaken: the preservation of the overall strategic balance, and the improvement of the regional balance of forces in Europe and the Middle East. But this is not enough. We need preventive diplomacy that can keep the Soviets from being able to exploit the weaknesses in Western positions. Decisive progress on the Palestinian issue, beyond the ambiguous Camp David formula, is indispensable in this respect. So is an Iranian policy that solves the hostage crisis without destroying the chances of cooperation between the U.S. and Iran once Iran's revolution moves, as it inevitably must, from fervor and ferment to reconstruction and management. The third effort should aim at achieving a détente without illusions. We need a framework for change through competition waged in ways acceptable to both sides. This entails a resumption of arms control negotiations, a coordinated Western policy on East-West trade and far greater communication between Washington and Moscow.

Hoffmann

Only such a strategy has a chance of restoring solidarity between us and our allies in Western Europe and Japan. It is not separable from a domestic policy of reducing our energy dependence on OPEC and of curbing inflation without provoking a major recession. As for the poorer nations of the world, already hit hard by OPEC's oil prices and heavy debts, a further weakening would create more chaos, exploitable by Moscow.

Indeed, a major task for a new foreign policy is educational. Americans must understand that the biggest threat we face is not a classic military one but the conjunction of the superpowers' contest with an increasingly revolutionary world of exacerbated nationalisms and shaky nations, many of which could become fiercely anti-American unless we find ways of peacefully preventing, moderating or deflecting such explosions.

GROUND FORCES IN THE GULF

Robert W. Tucker, 55, is a professor of political science at Johns Hopkins and co-director of studies of the Lehrman Institute.

Does the appointment of a new Secretary of State signal significant change in American foreign policy? There is little reason to believe that it does. Senator Edmund Muskie's known views on major issues of foreign policy are roughly in accord with those held by the President, else Mr. Carter evidently would not have appointed him. The new Secretary is not as committed as was his predecessor to policies that have now visibly failed. In the manner of the President, Senator Muskie experienced a sense of "betrayal" over the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. His self-characterization indicates, however, the extent to which he was committed, along with President Carter and Secretary Vance, to détente with the Soviet Union.

In considering the Muskie appointment, we should not be diverted by whether Muskie will "stand up" to Zbigniew Brzezinski more effectively than did Vance. Even if he does, the consequences for policy are likely to be marginal. The question is whether he will assert views that differ significantly from the President's. The further question is whether the President would submit to his Secretary's views, should they differ markedly from his own. To both questions, the answer is probably no.

Tucker

The present dangerous impasse we have reached—in our direct dealings with Iran, our vulnerability in the Persian Gulf, our overall relationship with the Soviet Union —gives every sign of persisting under a President so far unable to make a clear break from the recent and largely discredited past. Carter should now be concentrating on establishing a credible American military presence in and around the Persian Gulf. This presence cannot be restricted to elements of naval and air power. To be credible both to the states of the region and the Soviet Union, it must be quite visible and have the air of permanence What is needed, and as soon as possible, are regular bases together with a substantial commitment of American ground forces. In the absence of bases and troops, the so-called Carter Doctrine may prove quite dangerous, for it implies a far greater capability than now exists. It also asserts a determination that if once seriously tested would have to be vindicated, as matters now stand, by falling back on the threat of nuclear war. These considerations should command our attention rather than the very few options that remain in dealing with the hostages problem. ■

Out of the Rose Garden

And into the heat of the presidential campaign

At least one hostage was freed by Jimmy Carter's aborted rescue raid: the one in the White House. Five days after the failed mission to save the 53 American captives in Tehran, the President jettisoned his six-month-old pledge not to campaign until the hostages were home. Speaking at an energy briefing in the East Room, Carter lamely explained that the nation's problems "are manageable enough for me to leave the White House for a limited travel schedule, including some campaigning if I choose."

Even Carter winced afterward over that statement, which was made in response to a question planted by a White House staffer. Returning to the Oval Office, the President said to a top aide: "*Manageable* was not a good choice of words, was it?" Indeed not, but the aide and Carter's other political strategists did not much care what excuse he used to leave the Rose Garden. For weeks, they had been telling him that both his standing with the public and his fund raising were suffering from his stay-at-home strategy. Then came the unsuccessful raid in Iran, followed three days later by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's resignation, which amounted to a stinging vote of no confidence that was only partly offset by Carter's choice of Senator Edmund Muskie as Secretary of State. The President decided that he had little choice but to begin campaigning. Said a top aide: "He's tired of getting dumped on for everything he does. He's ready to do battle."

In fact, the sands had barely settled in Iran's Dasht-e-Kavir desert before Carter took to the road. On Sunday he slipped away from the White House to an undisclosed location to meet with 150 of the commandos who participated in the raid. Afterward, the President made sure that Americans learned of the visit by emotionally describing to Democratic congressional leaders how Colonel Charlie Beckwith, commander of the assault force, had apologized for the failure. The teary-eyed President embraced Beckwith and replied: "You have nothing to apologize for. I thank you."

The next day, Carter flew to Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, where he visited four of the men who were badly burned in the desert conflagration. It was his first trip outside the White House–Camp David axis since last Oct. 29, and though he avoided overt politicking, it was a well-photographed journey. It evidently did nothing to hurt him in the Texas primary, which he swept five days later. Senator Edward Kennedy, who spent a minimum of time campaigning in Texas, avoided any direct criticism of the hostage rescue attempt, though he tried to get political mileage out of the raid by visiting the wounded commandos in San Antonio. But Kennedy was less reticent about Carter's return to active campaigning. Said he: "We have had a failed military intrusion into Iran. [Carter] has lost five of the last seven primaries [and state caucuses] and now he is willing to come out of the White House. I think the decision is quite clearly a political judgment."

Partly to deflect such criticism, the President plans to begin his campaigning this week in Philadelphia, more than two weeks after the Pennsylvania primary. Thereafter he will make at least one trip a week, usually to stage-managed town meetings or speeches before large audiences. White House staffers tried hard to deny that Carter's motivation for leaving the Rose Garden is political. Snapped an aide: "It's not even necessary if you just look at the delegate numbers."

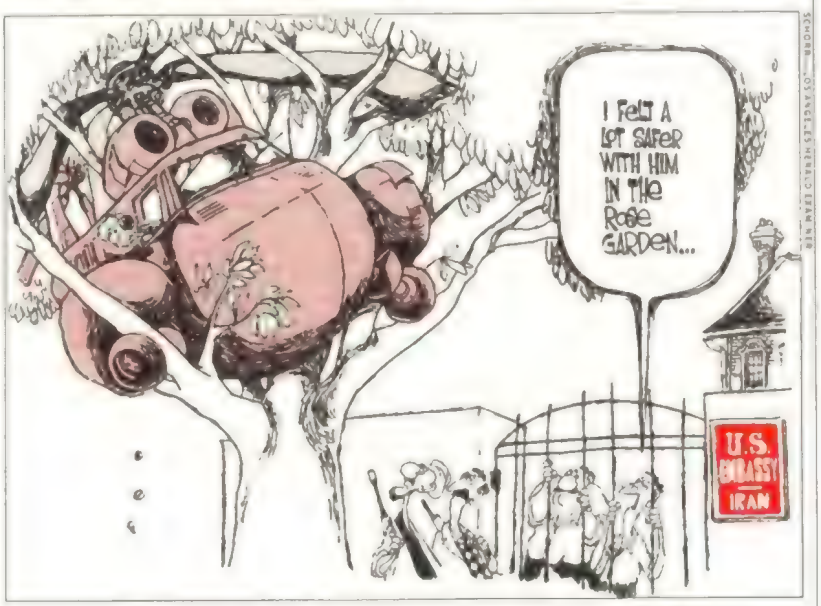
True enough: Carter holds a commanding lead over Kennedy in delegate votes. But other numbers—those of the pollsters—suggest that the President will face a serious problem in November. An ABC News–Harris Survey, taken the same day that the rescue mission's failure was announced, showed former California Governor Ronald Reagan leading Carter by 42% to 33%; in February, Carter led Reagan by 64% to 32%.

The man who probably has the most to gain from Carter's slumping popularity, Reagan, blasted the Administration as he swung through Texas. Though he supported the rescue attempt, Reagan criticized Carter for waiting so long and charged that the botched mission had worsened the crisis. He also castigated Carter for not spending enough to strengthen the nation's defense as it entered what Reagan described as "one of the most dangerous decades in the history of Western civilization."

Reagan did more stumping in Texas than he had originally planned, hitting five cities in three days, to blunt the challenge of Texan George Bush, who spent some $500,000 campaigning in the state, compared with Reagan's $150,000.

Bush's big spending paid off in a moral victory in the Texas popular vote, enabling him to finish close on the heels of the front-running Reagan. This surprising showing is certain to keep Bush's candidacy alive, perhaps at least through June 3, when California and eight other states hold primaries. Even before the Texas results started coming in, Bush said: "I'm going to stay in this race all the way." That might prove discouraging. In the crucial Texas race for G.O.P. Convention votes, Reagan seemed likely to win roughly three-fourths of the delegates. He also crushed Bush in the Arizona, Oklahoma, Missouri, Minnesota and Guam delegate selections.

While Democrats and Republicans were slugging it out in Texas, Independent John Anderson spent his first week of campaigning without a party by marching through Georgia, West Virginia, Michigan and Massachusetts despite polls showing him with only 20% of the vote and pundits' predictions that he will fail. Anderson's effort is as much crusade as campaign, and it is perhaps best summed up by the line he frequently paraphrases from Robert Louis Stevenson: "It is often better to journey with hope than to arrive." ■



Raging Debate over the Desert Raid

Critics ask the Pentagon: Was it too little—or too much?

Air Force memorial service for the dead commandos at Florida's Hurlburt Field

Three C-130 Hercules transport planes roared low across the Florida panhandle last week, two flying tightly as a pair, one trailing without its partner. This is the traditional "missing buddy" formation of the U.S. Air Force, a symbol of mourning for lost fliers. On the ground, in a green park just inside the gates of Hurlburt Field, some of the toughest men in the armed services could not suppress their tears.

The ceremony honored five of the eight servicemen who died two weeks ago in Iran's Dasht-e-Kavir desert during the aborted raid to rescue the Americans held hostage in Tehran. Some 5,000 people gathered at Hurlburt in memory of the five air commandos who had been stationed there. One by one, the lost men were eulogized. Said Lieut. Colonel Calvin Chasteen about his comrade, Captain Richard L. Bakke, a 33-year-old navigator: "He looked forward with enthusiasm and anticipation to this last opportunity to serve, not for the glory it offered but for the deep satisfaction of defending that which is good and decent."

While the American dead were being honored in Florida, more than 7,000 miles away in Tehran something most indecent was happening to their corpses. Iranian authorities tore open the plastic bags that contained the charred remains, poked at them with knives and held up pieces for government television crews. "This is proof of Carter's crime," ranted the Ayatullah Sadegh Khalkhali, formerly Tehran's chief Islamic judge. Then, switching hypocritically to mournful tones, he added: "My heart aches for the families of these victims."

At first Iranian President Abolhassan Banisadr promised that the bodies would quickly be returned to the U.S. As middleman he designated Ilarion Capucci, a Greek Melchite Catholic archbishop and longtime ally of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Then the Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, president of the National Supreme Court and a leading political rival of Banisadr's, stepped in and insisted that only the Revolutionary Council or the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini could release the bodies. Beheshti ordered them transferred to the Tehran morgue, which falls under his jurisdiction. The militants who were guarding the U.S. embassy announced that an undisclosed number of the American hostages had already been dispersed among eight other cities in Iran, which, if true, would make a second rescue attempt virtually impossible.

Reflecting the country's deep outrage at the display and desecration of the American dead, President Carter at a televised press conference assailed the Iranians' "ghoulish action," which he called "a horrible exhibition of inhumanity." He added: "This indicates quite clearly the kinds of people with whom we have been dealing. They did not bring shame and dishonor on those fallen Americans. They brought shame and dishonor on themselves."

Meanwhile, investigations were begun by Congress and the Pentagon into what happened during the rescue and why it failed. Carter firmly defended his decision to make the attempt. He reaffirmed his confidence in the Pentagon's plan for the raid as "a fine operation that everyone believed had a good chance for success." And, he argued, using one of the year's more improbable euphemisms, "there is a deeper failure than that of incomplete success, and that is the failure to attempt a worthy effort, a failure to try."

Nonetheless, a worldwide debate was raging over the raid. A Pentagon whose planes had not even been detected while flying into Iran, much less shot at, now was barraged by bombs of criticism. Some were hurled wildly by armchair strategists, others by more knowledgeable experts.

The main target was the rescue plan. Some critics charge that it was too lean and spare, with far too few men and aircraft to overwhelm the militants holding the embassy in crowded Tehran, pick up the hostages and escape safely. On the other hand, other critics argue that the plan was too sophisticated and complex, with too many staging points and too many chances for detection before the assault on the embassy.

Clergymen bless bodies in Tehran

Even the toughest men wept

Under Phase 1 of the raid, three C-130s carrying some 90 air commandos and three others transporting fuel for helicopters took off from an airfield in Egypt. Eight Sikorsky RH-53 helicopters, flying in pairs, left the nuclear carrier *Nimitz* in the Arabian Sea. All were to meet at "Desert One," an unimproved landing strip in the Great Salt Desert southeast of Tehran.

Phase 2, never carried out, called for the C-130s to fly to Oman and the helicopters to ferry the commandos to a mountain hideout some 100 miles from Tehran. The raiding

party would stay in hiding there throughout the next day. As darkness fell, the men would climb aboard trucks and buses, which would have been supplied by an undisclosed number of CIA agents and U.S. Special Forces men who had entered Iran earlier, some disguised as European businessmen.

The vehicles would slip one by one into Tehran and rendezvous at a warehouse that had been acquired by an American agent. During the night the commandos would divide into two assault teams. A small party would head for the Foreign Ministry building, where U.S. Chargé d'Affaires Bruce Laingen and two other U.S. diplomats were held captive. The other commandos would drive to the embassy compound, where 50 Americans were imprisoned.

Surprise and speed were essential. The attackers, confident that they knew where the hostages were within the compound, planned to scale the embassy walls and shoot or capture the guards. The assault team was armed with automatic weapons but, contrary to some published reports, did not carry disabling gas, which would have knocked out the captives and required them to be carried to safety.

As the assault began, four of the choppers were to fly to the embassy's soccer field. In the last stage of the assault, the hostages (by now joined by the three from the Foreign Ministry) and the 90 commandos would all leave in the four choppers. They would join the C-130s, which would have flown from Oman, at yet another airstrip, "Desert Two." There the choppers would be abandoned, and everyone would fly to safety in the transport planes.

All during the rescue, Navy fighter aircraft from the carriers *Nimitz* and *Coral Sea* would fly along the Iranian border, ready to dart toward Tehran if the assault party got into trouble. The U.S. planners did not fear Iran's once potent air force. Of the country's 76 advanced F-14 fighters, no more than seven can fly, and none can fire its Phoenix missiles, owing to the lack of maintenance. Iran has 187 operational F-4 fighters, 50 of them near Tehran, but none is equipped for night combat. Moreover, insists a Pentagon official, "we knew where all their planes were," meaning that they could have been destroyed on the ground if that had been deemed necessary.

American military experts not involved in the mission's planning say that whether the scheme was sound depended on what kind of help the rescuers expected once they reached Tehran. The mission commanders, as well as Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman David Jones and Defense Secretary Harold Brown, have refused to comment on speculation that units in the Iranian military or even defectors among the militants who were guarding the embassy were ready to support the operation.

One former U.S. official familiar with Iran finds the mountain hideout scheme more practical than it might sound, noting that there are several well-concealed plateaus in the remote mountains. But few experts can understand the contention of both Carter and Brown that the Tehran phase of the plan would have been easier than getting the assault team into position in the desert in the first place; both of them have refused to explain why they think so. Even some of the military planners concede that the complex mission violated an old Army rule called KISS, meaning "Keep it simple, stupid."

Iranian displaying commandos' ammunition

Would a failure to try have been worse?

Other questions about the raid and the answers insofar as they were known last week:

Did the plan risk too many lives?

Pentagon officials have adamantly denied reports in Washington of a CIA estimate that 60% of the 53 hostages would probably have been killed in the rescue attempt. But TIME has learned that initial casualty estimates once ran as high as 200 fatalities, including both hostages and rescuers. The final plan did, indeed, envision the possibility of losing from 15 to 20 hostages.

Did the military planners want a bigger force?

Outsiders claiming firsthand information from the Special Forces officers involved in the mission insist that earlier plans called for at least 600 men and 30 helicopters in the assault force. Some of these critics contend that the plan was scaled down by President Carter and his National Security Council in the belief that a smaller strike would prove less bloody, less provocative to Iran's Arab neighbors and more politically acceptable at home.

Indeed, in the months of planning that began within days of the seizure of the embassy last November, a wide range of rescue options was considered. "In the initial stages," General Jones said last week, "we did not see an option that had a reasonable chance of success. We tried and we trained and we exercised, and nothing was denied to us by anybody." Some of the earlier plans did envision a larger force but were discarded as impractical. One reason: the bigger the operation, the more difficult it would be to keep secret. So far, there is no evidence that the more restrictive plan was forced on the military by civilian officials.

What changed to make any plan at all seem feasible?

The planners are secretive about this. Yet it seems clear that they had been more successful than expected in getting covert agents into Iran, gaining support from people already in the country and picking up precise intelligence on where the hostages were and how they were guarded. Over the months, the militants had decreased their numbers and vigilance. Also, the U.S. had launched two secret military satellites in late November, completing the Air Force's positioning of six command and communications satellites around the world, including one over the Indian Ocean. The system could send almost instantaneous messages between the Pentagon and rescue commanders in the field. It might even have helped covert agents get information out of Tehran.

What went wrong with the helicopters?

The mission was canceled when three of the eight helicopters heading toward Desert One broke down while flying through a blinding sandstorm. An elec-

Vienna Waltz

In another part of the world, U.S. Marines were almost too successful at raiding an embassy last week. It was 8:50 p.m., and the lone Austrian policeman at the gate of the American embassy in Vienna was yawning with boredom. Suddenly three cars squealed to a stop near by. Fifteen tough-looking men in civilian clothes leaped out and clambered over the embassy's garden wall. Instead of drawing his pistol and shooting at the intruders, the outnumbered policeman flashed headquarters for help. Lots of it. Within minutes, police surrounded the embassy. The squad leader then made contact with the American duty officer to see if he could get a situation report from inside. "Oh, sorry," the startled American replied. "We called our Marines out for a special security exercise. We forgot to notify you."

trical power supply on one craft overheated and failed, knocking out the gyrocompass, the horizon indicator and the cockpit lights. The crew flew back to the *Nimitz*, making a dangerous landing, with fuel tanks nearly empty.

On the second helicopter, the crew set down in the desert because a warning light signaled that the chopper's 34-ft.-long rotor blade was in danger of failing. They discovered that it was cracked. The crew and all classified material were picked up by another helicopter.

The crew of the third damaged chopper pushed on to Desert One, despite the failure of a pump that propels the craft's back-up hydraulic system. It is essential, supplementing the primary hydraulic system, which operates the helicopter's control. Because the pump could not be repaired, the helicopter had to be taken out of service, and the rescue mission had to be scrubbed. Planners figured that the rescue required at least six helicopters. There were no back-up helicopters on the *Nimitz;* even if there had been, they could not have been flown to Desert One before daylight.

Did the unusually severe storms cause the malfunctions?

Although the sandstorms were common to all three helicopter failures, the mission leaders do not blame their problems on the weather. Pentagon officials disclosed that the choppers' 150-lb. sand screens had been removed to increase the engines' thrust by 3%, a possibly critical safety margin. But the screens are designed only to protect the engines from long-term wear from dirt, which apparently was not a factor in any of the breakdowns.

Investigators suspect that the overheating in the first craft resulted from a cooling vent having been blocked by a crewman's flak jacket and bag. If so, that obviously was human error. The swirling sand, investigators say, could not have cracked the rotor blade in the second craft. The cause may never be known. The failure of the third chopper's pump also is a mystery and presumably could not have been caused by sand because the helicopters' hydraulic systems are well sealed.

Was maintenance of the helicopters faulty?

From President Carter down to mission officers, this suggestion has been vehemently denied. To the contrary, they say, the helicopters got unusually meticulous care, even though their crews did not know of the impending mission. Fifteen maintenance men were assigned to each of the eight helicopters aboard the *Nimitz*. In addition, two civilian helicopter technical experts, including one from Sikorsky, were sent to the carrier. Almost daily, maintenance pilots flew the choppers to make sure that they were in top condition. In fact, the crews tending the RH-53s recently won Navy awards for their exceptional maintenance record. The U.S. military may have a general problem in retaining skilled maintenance men, the mission planners concede, but the best were available on board the *Nimitz*.

Just eleven hours before the start of the mission, a sailor accidentally hit a fire control switch, dousing five of the RH-53s with sea water and foam. The aircraft were rinsed with fresh water and inspected. No visible damage was found.

Why were the helicopters not destroyed at Desert One?

So far, the mission leaders have not provided a satisfactory explanation. Failure to destroy the choppers enabled Iranian officials to obtain mission maps and other secret papers. Whether the documents revealed the identity of some U.S. agents or collaborators in Tehran is not known but seems improbable. The mission leaders suggested that after one helicopter collided with a parked C-130 at the landing strip and both erupted into flames, the resulting shrapnel and flying debris from exploding ammunition threatened to damage four other C-130s and strand the entire party. When asked about this last week, Colonel Charlie Beckwith, who was in charge of the 90-man assault force, said tersely: "That wasn't my job. I can't talk to that. I got all my stuff out of there." Perhaps protectively, the Navy has not revealed the name of the Marine colonel who commanded the helicopter crews once they left the *Nimitz*.

UPI

Colonel Beckwith in Viet Nam in 1965

His first thought: "My God, I'm going to fail."

Did the commandos want to continue the mission?

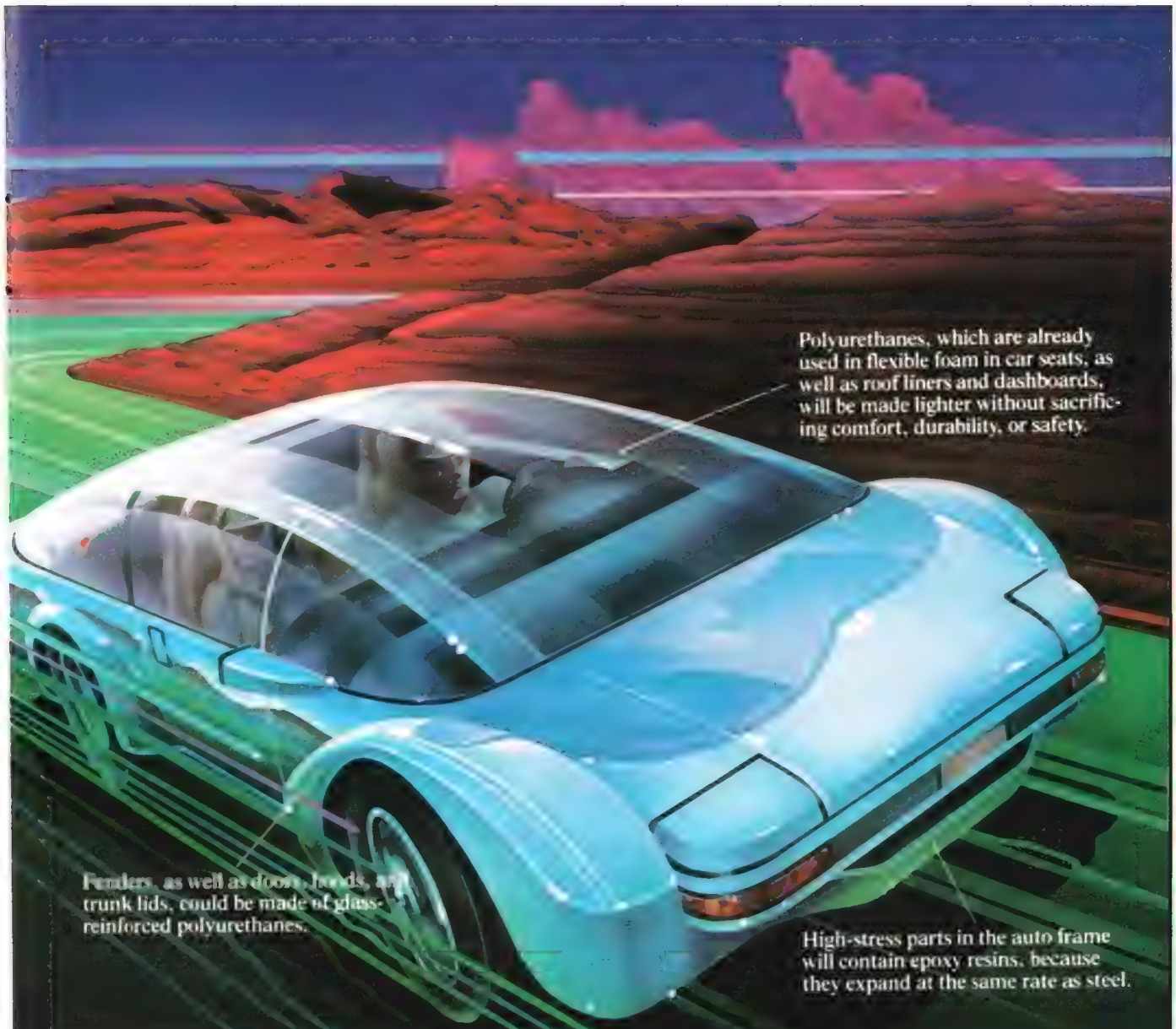
Friends of Beckwith, 51, a true, if little-publicized, hero of Special Forces missions in Viet Nam, insist that he returned crestfallen from the failure in the desert, angry at being ordered to end the effort and on the verge of resigning his commission. But last week he appeared at a select Pentagon press conference at which photos were banned to protect his potential future usefulness in covert operations. He brusquely denied all allegations that he had opposed the decision to abort.

From the start, Beckwith said, everyone had agreed that if the rescue team could not fly out of Desert One with at least six helicopters, the mission could not go forward. After two of the eight helicopters had failed to reach the landing strip, Beckwith had been relieved at the arrival, although late, of the sixth. But then the pilot of the third damaged chopper told Beckwith that it could not fly. The colonel's one-word reply: "Bullshit."

Beckwith went to the overall on-site commander, Air Force Colonel James Kyle, and asked him to take a look at the ailing chopper. "Let's confirm this," Beckwith said. "I want to make sure." When Kyle climbed down from the critical craft to report that it was indeed useless, Beckwith said last week, his own reaction was immediate: "Sir, my recommendation is that we abort." The commander gave Beckwith a chance to change his mind, asking "Would you consider taking five and going ahead? Think about it before you answer me. You're the guy that's got to shoulder this." After only a few seconds of reconsideration, Beckwith said sadly, "There's just no way."

When a reporter persisted, asking again if Beckwith had not argued in favor of continuing the mission, the rugged six-footer bristled and replied in a soft Southern accent: "With all due respect, sir, you don't know where you're coming from. I've been there before, and I'm not about to be a party of half-assed loading on a bunch of aircraft and going up and murdering a bunch of the finest soldiers in the world. I ain't gonna do that. It was a no-win situation."

After the order to abort had been confirmed from both the White House and the Pentagon, Beckwith recalled, his first thought was "My God, I'm gonna fail." He ordered his men into the C-130s to take off, then rushed to gather up all classified papers and gear. He was aboard a C-130 when he looked out of a window. He recalled: "A 130 all of a sudden exploded. It was one hell of a fire. On that 130 were 39 of my people." Beckwith said there was no way to get the bodies out of the fire "unless you wanted to burn up everybody who's going in there." Said the much decorated and fearless officer: "I sat there and cried." ■



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CUBA

The Flotilla Grows

Defying fierce winds, thousands of refugees take the freedom ride to Florida

At first Washington talked of deporting the newcomers and ordered fines levied against the boats' skippers. Still they came. Then nature intervened, with 60-m.p.h. winds whipping the Florida Straits into a maelstrom worthy of Melville. Still they came, landing daily at Key West in sturdy shrimp boats, speedy pleasure cruisers, leaky outboards. The flotilla that had begun setting off from Florida two weeks ago to pick up refugees at the Cuban port of Mariel had more than tripled in size by last week. Declaring the exodus an "unprecedented emergency," President Carter called off a scheduled U.S. Navy exercise near Guantánamo Naval Base and ordered the diversion of 34 ships to help the U.S. Coast Guard assist scores of boats in distress. "If they could build a bridge that would connect Havana and Miami, there would be no one left in Cuba!" hooted one middle-aged arrival. Or almost no one, to hear the refugees. Said José Antonio Aras, 77: "President Fidel Castro will be the only one there."

Not all Cubans who shared those sympathies were able to sail away without opposition, as was violently demonstrated in Havana. Some 500 Cubans, mostly former political prisoners, began clamoring for U.S. visas outside the offices of the U.S. Interest Section, which represents the U.S. on the island in the absence of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Suddenly several buses pulled up, and scores of their countrymen jumped out. Swinging tire irons, pipes and chains, they charged into the throng as police stood by and watched. After 20 minutes, more police arrived and the fighting stopped, but not before a dozen were injured and some 400 of the visa seekers had fled into the U.S. offices.

The clash followed a May Day rally at which Fidel Castro urged 1 million cheering supporters to bid "good riddance" to the "lumpen" leaving Cuba. Though the attackers had come in buses belonging to the CUBAN INSTITUTE FOR FRIENDSHIP AMONG PEOPLE, there was little doubt about who was behind the assault. "It was clearly permitted, if not sponsored, by the Cuban government," charged Thomas Reston, U.S. State Department spokesman. Though Havana promised safe transport home to the squatters, most decided to remain encamped there.

By week's end the ragtag regatta had carried nearly 8,000 Cuban refugees to the U.S., thus bringing the total number ferried by the sealift so far to well over 10,000. They come to escape impoverishment, political repression and Castro, and to shape new lives for themselves in the U.S. The sudden influx forced Florida Governor Bob Graham to declare a state of emergency in Monroe and Dade counties—the area stretching from Key West to Miami—and led the U.S. Government to start airlifting refugees from Key West to Eglin Air Force Base in northwest Florida. There a makeshift tent city that will eventually be capable of housing 10,000 refugees was under construction.

Much of the confusion can be traced to the Cuban Premier, who has regularly changed the rules and played to his own interests throughout the world's latest refugee flight. When nearly 11,000 Cubans crammed into the Peruvian embassy compound in Havana last month seeking political asylum, Castro promised *salidas* (exit visas) to all those who could gain permission from other countries to emigrate there. But after an airlift organized by Costa Rica had evacuated 678 of the 6,250 would-be exiles accepted by eight nations, including the U.S., Castro suddenly canceled the flights. Havana instead proclaimed that all the embassy refugees could leave by way of Mariel, a grimy industrial port 27 miles west of Havana; to lure boats from south Florida's large Cuban exile community to pick up the refugees, it was also announced that any Cuban could leave the island if relatives in the U.S. came to claim him.

The offer stunned Washington, which had agreed to take its complement of 3,500 embassy refugees with the understanding that the Immigration and Naturalization Service could screen them before allowing them into the U.S. Suddenly thousands were landing illegally in Florida with no entry visas in hand. Washington first implored boat-owners not to head for Mariel. When that failed to deter the flotilla, the Government hinted it might accept only the first 3,500, whether embassy refugees or not, and deport the rest. The threat was correctly seen as an empty one since the U.S. has routinely granted asylum to Cuban refugees since Castro came to power in 1959.

Washington next decided to admit the refugees "conditionally" for 60 days, after which the INS would decide on a case-by-case basis whether or not to grant political asylum; except for those definitely proved to be dangerous criminals, all will almost certainly be permitted to stay. The State Department also announced that owners of the refugee boats could be liable for a $1,000 fine for each refugee ferried.

BERNARD DIEDERICH

Cubans jam Havana's Plaza of the Revolution for May Day speech

"We don't want them. We don't need them," Castro thundered.

In addition, it warned, their craft could be seized and held until the penalties were paid. But even this policy was enforced unevenly: though written notices representing millions in fines were handed out to dozens of captains by week's end, only three vessels were seized. Skippers remained undeterred.

The penalties had also been imposed in an attempt to discourage U.S. boat crews, many of them hopeless land lubbers, from risking their lives on the high seas. Indeed, when a fierce storm with near hurricane-force winds lashed the straits last week a major disaster threatened the main body of the flotilla. Nine boats sank and nine boats capsized. Coast Guard cutters plucked 14 people from the 8-ft. waves and towed 65 vessels back to Key West. It was considered miraculous that only four people drowned.

Despite the obstacles, the flotilla continued to grow. Cuban Americans with relatives on the island converged on Key West from Ohio, California and New York, only to find that their thousands of dollars in cash were still not enough to meet the exorbitant prices. Skippers demanded $1,000 or more to ferry each refugee; charter fees for shrimp boats went as high as $50,000.

An even greater disappointment was in store for many of those who finally reached Mariel. Havana assigned only a handful of officials to log in the arriving boats and another handful to collect each craft's list of desired relatives. Typically, a boat had to wait several days for a first encounter with a government launch, and days more for its passengers.

When their turn finally came, many crews received a shock: they had expected to take back all the relatives they had asked for, but were told that 60%, later 70%, of their passengers would have to be refugees from the Peruvian embassy.

Suspicions rose about who, exactly, was being allowed to depart. Rumors persisted that the Cuban Premier was releasing common criminals from jail and ordering them on the boats, partly to prove his charge that those fleeing his island are "lumpens and antisocials." Crowed Radio Havana: "The U.S. has always wanted to pick the best brains of our people. Let them also pick up the bums."

The majority who disembarked at Key West, however, appeared to be ordinary Cubans. "Pretty much like the rest of society in America, some hard-working, some lazy," said INS District Director Raymond Morris. Upon arrival many broke into cheers of *"¡Libertad!"* and *"¡Viva Presidente Carter!"* before being herded into buses and cars for the four-hour drive to the refugee processing center in Miami's Tamiami Park. "I am very happy," said Jorge Vidal, 22, a printer who arrived with his pregnant wife and eleven-month-old son. "We used to hear stories about the U.S. and sometimes on the radio we even heard the voices of America. This is a very good land."

Why have so many thousands of Cu-

The queue: U.S. boats bob in the harbor at Mariel, Cuba, waiting to take on refugees

The voyage: a trawler packed with exiles finally sets off from Mariel

The destination: a woman waves joyously as Key West comes into view

bans fled their native land as soon as they got the opportunity? As they waited in line at Tamiami the refugees talked about their reasons for leaving. Most described a combination of factors: the island's spreading poverty, made worse in the past year by tobacco- and sugar-crop failures; outright political repression; a gray and stultifying atmosphere.

Specifically, many complained of severe rationing and the lack of jobs. "I have had my ration card for ten years, and always the amount has been the same," said Lazara Basart, who left with her husband, a government driver, and her two children. "Three-quarters of a pound of meat per person every nine days. Five pounds of rice per month. Many times we went hungry." Marveled another at the refugee center: "There are more pages of want ads in newspapers here in Miami than there are pages in all of *Granma* [Havana's Communist Party paper]."

Others felt the real sting of political repression. Ordinary citizens are forced to play informer. Roger Arencibia, 27, a Havana dental assistant, said resentfully, "My brother-in-law was laid off from his factory and could not get another job," said Caridad Carrodeguas, a bookkeeper from Batabanó. "The factory managers want good revolutionaries. You can't complain, you can't speak out against anything openly."

Underlying all these complaints, however, was a general weariness with a way of life that has gone on demanding sacrifice with few rewards. "I just couldn't live there any more," said Aldo Montenegro, 39, a Havana cook. "They kill ambition. One has to live in misery." Concurred Lazaro Bijande, 18, a Havana student: "I was born in the revolution. They taught me that all this is good. In the end, it's all a fraud. Cuba doesn't advance."

It was clear from the disparate motives that the flood of refugees is not likely to slow down soon. Cuban officials privately estimate that 250,000 of Cuba's 9.7 million would like to leave the island; others put the figure at 1 million and more. As for the man who started the flood, he apparently has no intention of turning it off. "We don't want them, we don't need them," thundered Castro of the refugees at a May Day rally in Havana last week. He claimed that he had opened Mariel to teach the U.S. a lesson for welcoming as heroes those who hijacked boats from Cuba in order to reach U.S. shores. Chortled Castro: "We really have an open road now. Let us see how they can close it."

Indeed that is a challenge the Carter Administration is still scrambling to meet. "We want to stop the flow because Castro cannot be allowed to dictate who comes into the U.S.," said one State Department official. "On the other hand, we have a tradition of accepting people from Cuba and it's highly unlikely that we would send people back." ■

Exiles in lobby of Havana's Triton Hotel lining up to telephone their relatives

Escape from Bedlam and Boredom

"¡Botes al agua!" (Boats to the water!) Thus prompted by a Spanish-speaking skipper, TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury boarded a chartered 40-footer at Key West for a voyage to the Cuban industrial port of Mariel. Woodbury expected to complete the 220-mile round trip in 24 hours but instead spent nearly a week in Cuba—including five days under virtual house arrest in a Havana hotel. Woodbury's account of his mission to Mariel:

There was a mood of euphoria mixed with anxiety on the *Endeavor* as it slipped out of Little Torch Key. Aboard were two Cuban Americans from Miami who had paid the boat's captain $5,000 to take them to Cuba to fetch 17 members of their families. It was 18 miles from the Cuban coast that the first faint harbinger of trouble surfaced: a small runabout wallowing out of gas. We secured a line and towed it in. At Mariel, the harbor gradually took on the look of a water-bound tent city: laundry fluttering from the tethered craft; dejected skippers passing the waiting hours with poker games and the Cuban favorite, dominoes. To provide for the boatmen's diminishing supplies, the port had set up floating stores with exorbitant prices: a take-out chicken dinner cost $30, a bottle of Scotch $50.

As the hours ticked into days, life in Mariel harbor grew monotonous, strangely communal. On one shrimper, a woman gave birth; on another boat, a man suffered a heart attack. There was a mini-mutiny aboard one boat; the captain, impatient after five days, decided to return home, although he had a $38,000 charter to pick up refugees. An angry exile pulled out a pistol and held him in his cabin a full day. The Cuban military presence also became more visible. Soldiers patrolled the banks of the harbor with automatic rifles. Jumbo choppers whipped across the bay by day, and searchlights swept the waters by night. Suddenly, the rescuers had become captives.

After three days at Mariel, three of us took up the government's standing offer of a diversionary trip to the Triton Hotel in Havana. A Castro showpiece, the 22-story facility was turned into a luxury stockade for exiles willing to pay $44 a night. Guests were forbidden even to visit the oceanfront, and the crowded lobby became as squalid and confused a bedlam as the harbor was. Exiles lined up twelve deep to call loved ones in Havana over wall phones. Elevators broke down, and fistfights broke out. One Miami sales executive, clutching $8,000 in cash, patrolled the corridors seeking a boat to take the eight members of his family home. "This is madness!" he cried.

Rumors spread that the Cubans from the U.S. might have to wait a month before being allowed to take their relatives to Florida. Meanwhile, restrictions on journalists were tightened. Cameras and film were seized and accreditations were withheld.

The next day, during a water outage that followed a power failure at Triton, journalists were told to leave—immediately. Authorities herded twelve reporters into a bus and dispatched us to the harbor; that evening we boarded a creaky 68-ft. shrimper, *Nature Boy*. Under a full moon we slipped out of Mariel harbor, bound for home. Our shipmates were 78 refugees, and we were as happy as they. "I've waited years for this. I'll kiss the ground!" exclaimed Ruiz Hernandez, 49, a Havana truck driver. At 8:30 the next morning, barely ten hours after pushing off, we docked at Key West. Hernandez, in all the confusion, never did remember to kiss the ground. But I, after seven days as a Cuban refugee, almost did.

IRAN

Tehran's Own Hostage Crisis

Arab gunmen seize London embassy and issue an ultimatum

"I should like you to know of my deep personal concern about the situation at the Iranian embassy in London. This intrusion constitutes an act of terrorism and an infringement of the immunity of diplomatic staff which the British government finds totally repugnant and is acting firmly to counter."

Thus, in a pointed message to Iran's President Abolhassan Banisadr, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher expressed her displeasure over the seizure of the Iranian embassy in London by Iranian Arab terrorists. Obviously she was also indirectly condemning the Tehran government for allowing Iranian militants to hold the American hostages for the past six months. The irony could hardly have been lost on the Iranians, who went to embarrassing lengths in an effort to establish a difference between the two embassy seizures. Touring the Persian Gulf, Iran's Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh said that the seizure of the American embassy in Tehran was "a reaction to 25 years of oppressive plunder," whereas the London incident was "a terrorist act" perpetrated by "a few mercenaries who are being employed by another government." Whom was he talking about? Tehran's favorite enemies, the U.S. and Iraq, who were now working "hand in hand against Iran." He neglected to mention that Washington and Baghdad have not agreed much on anything for years, and in fact have not even had diplomatic relations since 1967. Never mind; the explanation was bound to play well with the Iranian masses.

AP

A gunman peers out of the seized embassy

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Policeman hurt in scuffle with demonstrators is carried off on a stretcher

Three or more gunmen, who claimed to be Iranian Arabs from the southwestern province of Khuzistan, had seized the Iranian embassy on the edge of Hyde Park and held hostage some 20 people, mostly Iranians. They threatened to blow up the five-story building and kill the Iranian nationals (but not the four British hostages who had been caught) unless the Tehran government would agree to their demands. These included the release of 91 Iranian Arab political prisoners currently held in Khuzistan and the granting of some measure of autonomy to their oil-rich home province, which the Arab separatists prefer to call Arabistan.

The reaction of the Tehran government was an object lesson in the negligible value it places on the lives of its own people. President Banisadr announced that he was prepared to allow the hostages in London to be killed rather than accept the demands of the terrorists. Said he: "We are ready to accept the martyrdom of our children in England, but we will not give in to blackmail."

The militants who had seized the U.S. embassy in Tehran declared with equal bravado: "We do not trade plotters, saboteurs and domestic mercenaries for the subversive misdeeds of hirelings outside our borders." Their advice to the Iranian hostages in London: "Do not fear martyrdom. Resist, and victory will be yours." Similarly, Foreign Minister Ghotbzadeh observed that "anyone who has died for Islam goes directly to heaven." After talking to the London gunmen by telephone, Ghotbzadeh rejected their ransom demand and threatened to have one of their imprisoned comrades executed for every member of the London embassy staff who was harmed.

London police decided to handle the embassy seizure with as much patience as possible, but they were hard put to control the clamorous crowds that assembled and turned the scene into a bizarre street happening. Pro-regime Iranian students, led by a zealot with a bullhorn, chanted, "Long live Khomeini" and "Death to Carter." Separated from that group, by the efforts of police, were the anti-Khomeini Iranians and the fed-up Londoners, who shouted, "Go home, go home!" A lively group beating drums danced for peace, and a group of Britons sang *Rule Britannia*. Lamenting the fact that the city was being turned into a "battlefield for other people's quarrels," the London *Evening News* asked, "So what are these guerrillas doing here anyway?" The *Daily Mail* wondered why it is that "three-fifths of the world is covered with water and the rest by Iranian students."

PRESS ASSOCIATION

British policeman on roof of Iranian embassy

A battlefield for other people's quarrels.

There was an even broader irony in the London embassy takeover. It dramatized the domestic unrest from which the Banisadr government has been trying to divert attention. For six months the authorities in Tehran have concentrated on the international crisis surrounding the American hostages. But that preoccupation has not succeeded in covering up all the serious threats facing the regime, from both the large and rebellious ethnic minorities and Iran's giant neighbor to the north, the Soviet Union.

For the past month, for example, savage fighting has been taking place throughout Kurdistan, in northwestern Iran. To rout Kurdish guerrilla forces, the army and air force have bombed the provincial capital of Sanandaj, killing hundreds of civilians and causing extensive

damage. Fearing even greater trouble ahead, many Kurds are reported fleeing westward toward the Iraqi border.

The rebellion flared up more than a year ago, after the revolutionary government in Tehran and the leaders of the country's 4 million Kurds failed to reach agreement on a plan for Kurdish autonomy. The Kurds said that they wanted only to preserve their culture and language and to run their own local government. Tehran suspected that their real goal was independence. What particularly irritates the central government is the disdain of the Kurdish population for Khomeini's brand of militant Islam. They prefer the Kurdish Democratic Party and other leftist groups to the clerical establishment in power in Tehran.

The conflict between militant Islam and the Communist left has also created troubles elsewhere. Last week's May Day demonstrations were marred by violence throughout Iran. In Tehran, Muslim zealots known as Hezbollahis (members of God's party) attacked the rallies of two leftist groups, the Marxist Fedayan and the Islamic socialist Mujahidin. The attackers used rocks, clubs, knives and iron bars, leaving scores of leftists injured. In his May Day speech Khomeini accused the leftists of treason and of collusion with the U.S. The truth is that the Fedayan and the Mujahidin are best united in their hatred of the U.S., but the Ayatullah correctly perceives that the left represents a threat to his Islamic dreams.

At this point the Soviet Union is playing an extremely cautious role in Iran. The chief instrument of Moscow's influence is the Tudeh Party, which counsels other leftists to forget their differences and "fight U.S. imperialism." Tudeh leaders admit privately that an attempt at a Communist revolution in Iran would be premature. They believe that Iranian Communists should not repeat the mistakes of their Afghan counterparts but should "first let the apple ripen."

In the meantime the Soviets are discreetly supporting the Kurdish Democratic Party, the principal force behind the struggle for autonomy in Kurdistan. Iranian military intelligence believes the Soviets have airdropped weapons and ammunition for the K.D.P. Moscow, for the time being, does not intend to revive the Turkish Democratic Party, which separated Azerbaijan from Iran in 1945-46. But neither Moscow nor Tudeh can afford to antagonize the Tehran government. Thus, for the present, they support it with ostentatious ardor. Their apparent strategy is to do what they can to prevent better relations between Iran and the West while they wait for the present regime to fall apart from its own excesses and weaknesses. Khomeini himself is 80 and ailing, and so far has proved incapable of creating a government with a strong chance of surviving him. ■

Israeli doctor bends over fatally wounded victim of terrorist attack in Hebron

WEST BANK

Sabbath Havoc

New tensions roil Hebron

It was just two hours after sundown and the beginning of the Jewish Sabbath in the Arab town of Hebron on the Israeli-occupied West Bank. A score of Jewish seminarians had finished their prayers at the Tomb of the Patriarchs, the shrine where the prophet Abraham is said to have been buried. The seminarians walked the short distance to the former Hadassah clinic in the old Jewish quarter. There they planned to have refreshments with the Israeli squatters who have occupied the building for the past year.

Suddenly, as they approached the gate, havoc erupted: from rooftops, three assailants opened fire with automatic weapons and lobbed six grenades into the group. Israeli troops guarding the clinic returned the fire. When the fusillade had ended, five of the students were dead and 16 had been wounded. Within an hour, Israeli soldiers clamped a curfew on Hebron, set up roadblocks around the town and scoured the area for the terrorists. At week's end a Palestinian commando group with headquarters in Damascus took responsibility for the brutal attack.

The terrorism was the worst yet in a furious new round of violence between Jews and Arabs on the West Bank. After Arab youths stoned Israeli vehicles last month, Jewish militants from the settlement of Beit El outside Ramallah went on a window-smashing rampage through Arab towns, attacking cars and houses with stones and steel hammers. Tensions were inflamed further last week when Israeli military officers shot and killed a 17-year-old Palestinian in a schoolyard scuffle in the West Bank village of Anabta. After the funeral, angry villagers paraded through the streets waving Palestinian flags, chanting anti-Israeli slogans and throwing stones at army vehicles.

Hebron itself—and the occupied Hadassah clinic, in particular—has lately become the unhappy focus of Israel's controversial settlements policy. Relations between the city's 50,000 Arabs and the 4,000 Jews in the nearby settlement of Qiryat Arba took a turn for the worse after militant followers of Rabbi Moshe Levinger took over the Hadassah clinic in 1979. Levinger, a zealot who advocates the "divine right" of Jews to settle anywhere in territory that belonged to biblical Israel, used the squatters' presence in the old Jewish quarter to pressure the government of Premier Menachem Begin to allow further Jewish settlement in the city. Begin's Cabinet reversed a policy prohibiting Jews from settling in heavily populated Arab cities and gave the Levinger group the go-ahead to build two Jewish schools in Hebron. That decision enraged the Palestinians, who protest that they are the victims of frequent acts of vandalism by Jewish vigilantes.

Last week's attack will greatly increase the bitterness on both sides and could cause even more difficulties at the long stalled autonomy talks between Egypt and Israel, which are grinding toward a May 26 target date. In response to the onslaught, at week's end Israeli military authorities accused three local Palestinian leaders of having incited extremism in the area: the mayor of Hebron, the town's Muslim religious leader and the mayor of neighboring Halhul. Within 36 hours, all three had been forcibly deported to Lebanon. ■

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The Maverick Who Defied Moscow

Josip Broz Tito: 1892-1980

It was a moment for which all Yugoslavs, as well as many foreign political leaders, had been preparing for weeks. On Sunday, Belgrade's official news agency, Tanjug, announced the death of Josip Broz Tito, 87, Yugoslavia's President-for-Life and Supreme Chairman of the Yugoslav League of Communists. In accordance with a succession plan that Tito had arranged and approved, his titles devolved automatically on two little-known party functionaries who had been carrying out his duties since January: Party Chairman Stevan Doronjski and President Lazar Kolisevski.

The end had come slowly, but not before a remarkable final display of Tito's legendary physical resistance. Stricken with a dangerous blockage in his circulatory system, Tito was admitted on Jan. 12 to a clinic in the Slovenian capital of Ljubljana. Within eight days, he underwent two high-risk operations: an arterial bypass to circumvent his circulation blockages, and then, after that had failed and gangrene set in, the amputation of his left leg. Tito at first appeared to make a strong recovery from these operations, which he had been given only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving. In February, however, he suffered a relapse. A "weakening of the heart" was followed by an array of other ailments: kidney failure, liver damage, internal hemorrhaging, pneumonia, infection and high fever. Tito nonetheless managed to hang on, with the help of kidney dialysis, an external pacemaker and an experimental American antibiotic called Moxalactam. Two weeks ago, he sank into a coma that signaled the onset of the final crisis.

A few weeks before Tito's death, a member of Yugoslavia's new collective leadership observed that "we will not look for a new Tito, because there isn't one, and there will be none for a long time to come." Indeed, it was hard to imagine any lesser mortal replacing the gregarious and vital Tito, who, almost without challenge, had ruled Yugoslavia for nearly 35 years and his country's Communist Party for 41. He was, for many years, the Kremlin's least favorite Marxist—a maverick who wrested Yugoslavia from Moscow's grasp in 1948 to create an unorthodox Communism incorporating traces of free enterprise. He was also a defiant co-founder of the nonaligned movement that has become the dominant force in the Third World. In the year before his death he visited Cuba, where delegates to the Sixth Conference of the Nonaligned Countries paid him fitting homage.

Tito reveled in the applause, just as he relished a number of decidedly unproletarian luxuries. He dressed in stylishly tailored suits, as well as bemedaled uniforms that Churchill once called Tito's "gold-lace straitjacket." He traveled in a Mercedes-Benz limousine, a lavish yacht and a special train; among his other perks of office were half a dozen residences, several hunting lodges and a villa on the Adriatic isle of Brioni. He savored good food and drink and had an appreciative eye for pretty women. In 1977 Tito and his third wife Jovanka, 55, had a falling out, and last year there were rumors that he had become involved with a 35-year-old opera singer named Gertruda Munitić.

A classic portrait of Yugoslavia's President-for-Life

A country he led for nearly 35 years must now find its own way.

When he came to international attention during World War II, the mysterious leader of Yugoslavia's anti-Nazi partisan forces was rumored to be a Russian general or even a woman, and there was some question as to whether he existed at all. In fact, he was born Josip Broz, in the Croatian village of Kumrovec. His father was a Croat, his mother a Slovene, and he was the seventh of their 15 children.

In 1907 he left the village to become first a waiter, then an apprentice metalworker. He joined the Metal Workers' Union in Zagreb. His native Croatia was at that time a province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Conscripted into the Emperor's army in 1913, he was sent to the eastern front early in World War I. During a Russian attack in 1915, a Circassian cavalryman impaled Tito with his lance, nearly killing him; he spent 13 months in a Russian prison hospital. He was an inmate of the Kungur prison camp near Perm in 1917 when the news arrived of Tsar Nicholas II's abdication; citizens promptly freed Kungur's prisoners.

Tito spent the next three years in the Soviet Union before returning to the new country that had been carved out of the old Habsburg Empire after World War I—the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, later renamed Yugoslavia.

In 1924 he became an organizer for the illegal Yugoslav Communist Party. Arrested and brought to trial in 1928, he defiantly admitted his Communist activities and was still shouting "Long live the Communist Party of Yugoslavia!" as he was led away to serve a five-year prison sentence. He did more organizing work for the party after his release, traveling about Europe with forged credentials. In the mid-'30s he began using the alias "Tito," a common name in his home district. (It was one of many pseudonyms: in correspondence with Moscow, he was always "Valter," and it was by that name that Stalin knew him.)

He was summoned to Moscow in 1935 for training as an agent of the Comintern, the international Communist umbrella organization founded in 1919; but he ignored a call to return there in 1937, when Stalin's bloodthirsty purges were at their height. This may have saved his life. He later said: "When I went to Moscow, I never knew whether I would come back alive." In 1939 the Comintern confirmed him as general secretary of the Yugoslav Communist Party.

That year Tito proved his loyalty by swallowing without a qualm the Nonaggression Pact between Berlin and Moscow. As Tito explained: "We accepted the pact like disciplined Communists, considering it necessary for the security of the Soviet Union, at that time the only socialist state in the world." When Hitler invaded the Soviet Union in June 1941, Moscow issued orders for all-out resistance to the Germans, who two months earlier had conquered Yugoslavia. Within days, Tito had established the General Headquarters of National Liberation Partisans' Detachments—taking the name "partisans" from the irregulars who had

operated behind the lines during Napoleon's campaigns in Spain and Russia.

From the start, the partisans were opposed by the *Četniks*—Serbian royalists loyal to the exiled King Peter II—who were led by Colonel Dragoljub Mihailović. Tito initially offered to join forces with the *Četniks* and put his troops under Mihailović's command. More fearful of the Communists than of the Germans, Mihailović demurred and his *Četniks* were soon engaged in civil war against the partisans. (He was tried after the war and executed.)

The partisans, who ultimately numbered 300,000, had a broader national appeal than the chauvinistically Serbian *Četniks*, and they were far more active in launching guerrilla attacks against German divisions (up to 26 at one point) tied down in occupying Yugoslavia. As the Nazi troops retreated northward in 1944, Tito moved to consolidate his power. In the process, he violated an apparent promise to Winston Churchill. (Tito had told Britain's Prime Minister in 1944, "That is our basic principle: democracy and freedom of the individual.") Tito ruthlessly intimidated, imprisoned and even murdered his opponents; when general elections were held in 1945, the people had only one choice: to accept or reject the Communist slate. The party won 90% of the vote; ironically, Tito was so popular that he would probably have won easily without resorting to terror.

A moment of relaxation during World War II

Playing the smiling host during a 1963 visit by Soviet Party Leader Nikita Khrushchev

The new government in Belgrade staunchly backed Soviet foreign policy, installed a Stalinist regime at home and refused Marshall Plan aid offered by the U.S. But behind the scenes, Stalin and Tito feuded bitterly over Tito's determination to maintain his independence. On June 28, 1948, the world was startled by the announcement that Yugoslavia had been expelled from the new international Communist organization, the Cominform.

In the Soviet lexicon, "Titoism" became a synonym for treason. But Tito did not buckle, even in the face of an economic boycott and Moscow's invasion threats. With Party Theoretican Edvard Kardelj and other close associates, he began mapping out a new form of Communism, vastly different from the Soviet model. Tito and his colleagues lifted harsh police controls on the population and reversed the policy of forced collectivization of farm land. They formulated the "self-management" system, under which factory employees and managers came to share in management decisions, decide on promotions and set their own wages.

Tito also began taking whatever aid he could get, including that offered by the West, but always with the proviso that no strings be attached. This foreshadowed the new foreign policy of nonalignment —normal relations with the two superpowers, alliance with neither—that he developed further during the 1950s. With the backing of India's Nehru, Egypt's Nasser and Indonesia's Sukarno, the Nonaligned Movement was formally inaugurated in Belgrade in 1961.

Tito alternately loosened and tightened his hold over Yugoslav politics. When his close comrade Milovan Djilas began arguing for democratic reforms and criticizing the Communist Party elite in the mid-1950s, Tito had him jailed. After Croatian nationalism flared up during a period of liberalization in the late 1960s, he came down hard on the Croats and in 1971 forced their leaders to resign. He also launched a purge of liberals, which reminded the world that Yugoslavia was still a Communist nation run by a dictator. Yet by 1977 the trend was again away from the hard line, and the atmosphere was becoming relaxed.

With Wife Jovanka, New Year's Eve 1968

An appreciative eye for pretty women.

If the country does indeed face an immediate external threat or an internal threat of subversion, Yugoslavs have no illusions about its source. True, Belgrade's relations with Moscow have much improved since 1948. Seven years later Soviet Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev partly made up for the animosities of the Stalin era by flying to the Yugoslav capital. There, after an apparently amicable meeting with Tito, he publicly acknowledged that "different forms of socialist development are solely the concern of individual [Communist] countries." Tito's relationship with Leonid Brezhnev was edgy but cordial.

Still, the Soviets never stopped trying to infiltrate the Yugoslav party and the military, and any sign of weakness by the new leadership might tempt them to reinstate Moscow's sway over a satellite that got away. If an invasion were to come, there was every prospect that Yugoslavs would live up to Tito's promise, first voiced at a press conference in 1951: "Every foot of our land is saturated in blood, but if it is necessary, we will saturate it again, and it will remain ours. Yugoslavia will never again be conquered, except over the dead bodies of its peoples." ■

"It makes its own fun. Even on a rainy day."

Rainy days used to turn this house into a cage for the kids. But one day, peace broke out at the touch of a button.

The kids were on the brink of open war when I took out the OneStep. WHOOSH! WHOOSH! I had instant candid shots of the two of them. The squabbling turned into laughter and the rainy day into a party.

Polaroid's OneStep is the world's simplest camera. You never need to focus or set anything. Just point it and press the button. The motor hands you a beautiful SX-70 color picture that develops in minutes.

The electric eye sets all exposure, even for flash. And you can't waste a flash or film, because this camera won't fire when you're out of film or when your flash is used up.

You never worry about batteries either. There's a fresh one built into every film pack. Brand new power every time you load, so you're always ready.

The OneStep makes its own fun. Pictures you share on the spot entertain the kids on the worst of days. They're also great entertainment for the grown-up kids you have over. Because nobody's too old for magic.

Polaroid's OneStep

The world's simplest camera

Mercedes-Benz didn't invent the station wagon– they just raised it up to Mercedes-Benz standards.

Mercedes-Benz waited 94 years to build a station wagon and then built one like none before. "...it is not only the best wagon we've tested," says* Car and Driver, *"it ranks right up there as one of the all-time best cars in our experience."

The Mercedes-Benz 300 TD is engineered to work as hard—if not harder than—any station wagon you can buy.

For instance, heavy loads cause the rear suspension to automatically adjust itself and keep the vehicle riding level.

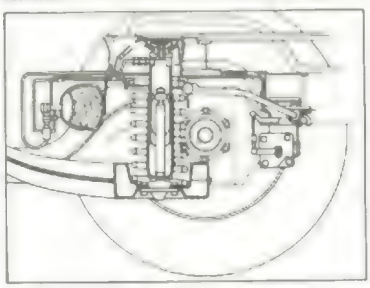
Part of the interior converts into a cargo hold almost 10 feet long.

Overall, one critic was so struck by the 300 TD's solid feel that he quipped, "The only way to shake something loose would be to drive off a cliff."

Grins of disbelief

The 300 TD cleaves the air more like a bullet on wheels than a box. It is about 3 percent more aerodynamically efficient than even the slippery 300 D Sedan.

With 50.8 percent of its weight over the front axle and 49.2 percent over the rear, it is almost perfectly balanced. And though a wagon and not a sports car, it flattens curves with a fully independent suspension similar to the exotic 450 SL Roadster.



Front and rear anti-sway bars and weight-saving finned alloy wheels are not options but standard handling aids.

Euphoria results: "The TD begins to amaze, to bring on grins of disbelief, to entertain, when it's up to speed and moving on down the road," *Car and Driver* reports.

And when it stops? A *Car and Driver* test found that it stopped "in a phenomenally short distance"—bested only by a 160-mph, $36,000 European sports coupe.

The 300 TD may haul cargo like a station wagon. Clearly, it does everything else like a Mercedes-Benz.

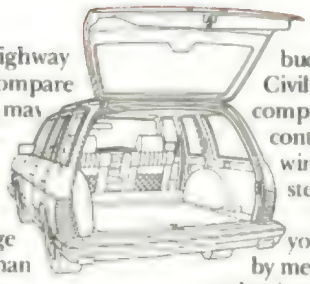
A workhorse that sprints

If any automobile engine is indestructible it is the workhorse Diesel. The 300 TD's Diesel engine is a responsive, 5-cylinder powerplant—beneficiary of a 44-year Mercedes-Benz Diesel Research & Development program.

You never need pamper it with regular tune-ups or premium gasoline. And the 300 TD is miserly with fuel, generating an EPA estimated

*California estimates vary

23 mpg.* The EPA highway estimate is 28 mpg. Compare this to other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on speed, weather conditions, and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimates.



An exceptionally sturdy automatic transmission with not three but four speeds is standard. The shifter is floor-mounted. Flick it through the gears like a manual if you wish.

To duplicate this engineering and workmanship would require that you have a station wagon custom built. This may help put the 300 TD's $28,056** price in perspective.

A wagon, Mercedes-Benz style

From the driver's seat, the 300 TD gives no inkling that it is anything but a Mercedes-Benz automobile. The big, well-shaped front bucket seats are the same. Civilization reigns, from a comprehensive bi-level climate-control system to electric window lifts to AM/FM stereo radio.

You don't so much lock your 300 TD as seal it, by means of a vacuum-powered mechanism that secures all four doors and the tailgate and the fuel filler port with one twist of a key.

Turn facing rearward and the 300 TD is a wagon—a remarkable wagon. "It is simply one of our finest cars when it comes to the all-important accommodation and transportation of its load," *Car and Driver* declares.

All the passenger seats swiftly convert into cargo space. The tailgate lifts high up, well out of the way for easier loading and unloading. Its hinges and damper units are sunk out of sight, leaving the inner roof surface free of awkward protrusions. The sill is low.

You may value your 300 TD as something far more than a beast of burden. But if you need a beast of burden, it is ready to serve.

Why Mercedes-Benz owners are smiling

And because it is a Mercedes-Benz, it stands a fine chance of retaining much of its value over time. Over a 3-year span, indeed, Mercedes-Benz sedans have proven to keep at least 80 percent of their original purchase price.

The 300 TD is built in its own separate factory; even so, production is limited. To see and test drive it soon would be wise.

"It's a station wagon," *Car and Driver* summarizes, "it's a Diesel, and it's much, much more."

Engineered like no other car in the world

Suggested East Coast retail price. Taxes, license, destination charges, dealer preparation and optional equipment additional

© 1980 Mercedes-Benz of N. A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.

Mexico's Master of Serenity

Luis Barragán wins his profession's richest prize

The most vivid childhood memory of Architect Luis Barragán is of a water system in a village set in the red hills near the Mexican city of Guadalajara. "Great gutted logs, in the form of troughs," he remembers, "ran on a support system of tree forks, five meters high, above the roofs. This aqueduct crossed over the town, reaching the patios, where there were great stone fountains to receive the water. The channeled logs, covered with moss, dripped water all over town. It gave the village the ambience of a fairy tale."

All his life Barragán, the drip and plash of that water in his memory's ear, has sought to re-create the serenity and beauty of the little village's patios, places of refuge for body and spirit. Last week his success was recognized with the prestigious $100,000 International Pritzker Architecture Prize, created last year by the Hyatt Foundation to do for architecture what the Nobel Prize does for other disciplines. Declared the citation: "He has created some of our most unforgettable gardens, plazas and fountains, all magical places for meditation and companionship."

Architect Luis Barragán

In most ways, Barragán is a maverick in the architectural establishment. He has frequently deplored what he calls "architects' architecture" and admits no debt to the International Style of the Bauhaus. He uses the plainest of materials—adobe, raw beams, cobbles—to create astringently elegant effects. His commitment is not to community or social function but to privacy: "Any work of architecture that does not express serenity is a mistake. That is why it has been an error to replace the protection of walls with today's intemperate use of enormous glass windows." Many of his devices serve absolutely no function except visual delight; he thinks nothing of erecting a free-standing wall simply to catch the shadow of a nearby tree. Where others speak of views, Barragán celebrates the walled garden. Says he: "A landscape that is held and framed with a proper foreground is worth double." He would like the garden to be a living room, "to give back to modern man the treasure of having more private life." This vision of a garden is firmly rooted in his Mexican landscape, its blazing sun, its crystalline skies; it would scarcely suit a dour climate.

A rancher's son, Barragán spent much of his youth riding horses, attending fiestas and visiting marketplaces. He planned to be a rancher himself, but his mother insisted that he have a profession. He chose civil engineering but developed an interest in architecture while taking his degree at the University of Guadalajara. Before settling down to work, he spent two years in Europe, where he was charmed by "the architecture of the poor"—by Greek villages, which he had visited, by Moorish *souks*, which he had not, but had studied in books. Most of all, he fell in love with the walled, closed-in Arab garden, animated and cooled by the splash of a fountain or stilled by a pool, whose apotheosis he found in the marvelous intricacies of Spain's Alhambra.

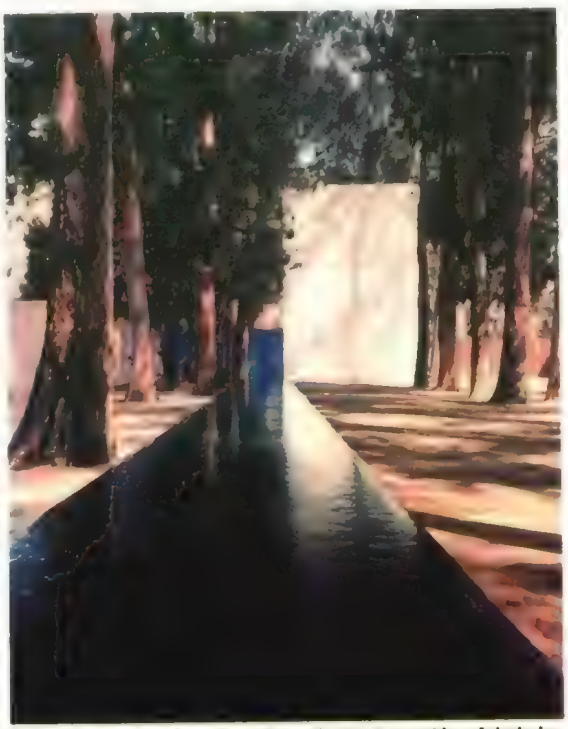
On returning to Mexico, he helped run the family estate and did not devote himself solely to architecture until 1936, when he was 34. He soon found that clients irritated him with their whims. "I am such that I must work without a *patrón*," he explained. He began designing and building houses to suit himself, in subdivisions he bought himself.

In 1944 his eye fell upon an inhospitable stretch of land on the edge of Mexico City, known as El Pedregal, a huge lava desert left from the eruption of the Xitle volcano 2,500 years ago. Fascinated by the savage beauty of the lava's shapes, Barragán and a partner bought 865 acres of the land and began to transform it. Each plot was to be a walled garden, celebrating the lava's strange forms, the cacti and the twisted trees known as *palo bobo* (silly tree). Each house was to be as simple as possible and should not occupy more than 10% of the plot. Steps and pathways were carved into the rocks. Lava was used to form the walls; for variety, they were sometimes stained rust, pale green, pale blue or —the favorite color of the Mexican peasant—bright pink. Water was run over craggy stone or along the wall tops, seeping down to aid the growth of moss. On the street side, the walls were blank, shutting out the city and its noise. Buyers were few at first, but eventually the once despised El Pedregal lava plain became Mexico City's most elegant residential area.

In each of Barragán's designs his public spaces achieve that degree of serenity which only flowing or still water can bestow. In Las Arboledas, developed as a residential community for horse lovers, he installed fountains, pools and a brimming watering trough as long as a lake, whose still surface reflects the thickly set eucalyptus trees. In another subdivision devoted to horsemen, Barragán converted two abandoned horse troughs into a heroically scaled fountain: a massive red earth stucco wall carries an aqueduct that pours water into the pool, all set off by a long pink stucco wall that makes approaching riders look like figures in an Egyptian frieze.

At 78, Barragán is a towering (6 ft. 6 in.), craggy man of charming mien and Old World manners. He has never married and lives in the house he designed for himself years ago at the edge of El Pedregal. Characteristically, it presents a nearly blank wall to the street. For Barragán is above all an architect of seclusion, of serenity in a noisy world. Says he: "Art is made by the alone for the alone."

— *A.T. Baker*



Brimming watering trough amid eucalyptus trees at Las Arboledas

Magical places for meditation from a lifelong memory.

Carlton is lowest.

Carlton Box—
lowest of all brands.
Less than
0.06 mg. tar.
0.01 mg. nic.

Carlton 100's Box—
lowest of all 100's.
1 mg. tar.
0.1 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.06 mg. "tar", 0.01 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79

Dancers in tribal headdress perform for John Paul II upon arrival at Kinshasa to begin the papal visit to Zaïre

Religion

The Pope to Africa: *"Mvidi Mukulu"*

A pilgrimage to a continent where Christianity is flourishing

"God has chosen you from among all people to help us," chanted a chorus of women over and over and over again in the Lingala dialect. A few feet away, tribesmen with arrow-pierced cheeks and clad in striped costumes performed a zebra dance. Others waved shining spears in greeting. Women of the Ekonda tribe, their breasts modestly covered for the occasion, swayed and sang to the rhythm of drums.

In the middle of the din at N'jili International Airport outside Kinshasa, the capital of Zaïre, was Pope John Paul II. Occasionally mopping his brow with a handkerchief in the tropical humidity, he greeted President Mobutu Sese Seko and other dignitaries, then boarded an open Mercedes for the 15-mile motorcade into Kinshasa.

In 1972, the President had changed his name from Joseph Désiré Mobutu, so it would seem less colonial and perhaps less Christian. But one could scarcely have discerned any political advantage in that from the joyous crowd of more than 1 million people packed along the entire route; their numbers and enthusiasm equaled the welcomes John Paul received in Mexico, Poland and the U.S. Many of the Zaïreans wore T shirts that depicted a brown-skinned Pontiff. On his way, the Pope repeated *"Mvidi Mukulu"* ("God bless you" in Zaïre).

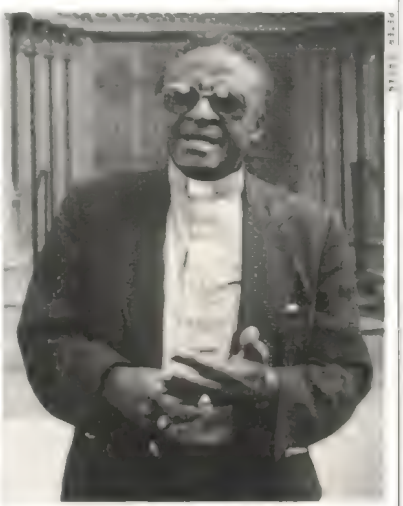
It was only the second time in history that a Pope of Rome had set foot in the heart of Africa,* and Kinshasa was only the beginning. The Pope had been asked to visit 30 African nations. In the end, though, only a visit to six of them seemed possible, and that involved a demanding 11,250-mile, eleven-day tour by plane, car, boat, helicopter and Land-Rover, which will take John Paul to Zaïre, Congo, Kenya, Ghana, Upper Volta and the Ivory Coast. The itinerary was confined to Africa's middle, south of the vast Sahara region, which is dominated by Islam, and well north of the agonizing problems of racist South Africa, in which the Roman Catholic Church in 1977 demanded on the basis of Christ's teachings "full citizen and human rights for all persons" regardless of race.

Even so, the Pope is scheduled to visit countries with a combined population of 71 million in a continent with 460 million inhabitants. 53 million of them Roman Catholics. Christianity as a whole in Africa is growing by 6 million people, or more than 5% a year, its largest numerical increase in history. It is estimated there will be 400 million Christians out of a total African population of 800 million by the end of this century.

John Paul calls Africa a continent "ripe for harvest." But like nearly everything else in Africa, Christianity, and especially Catholic Christianity, is marked by breathtaking contradictions, dramatic paradoxes, maddening diversity. Africa is a continent whose people speak more than 800 languages. They suffer from bloody national divisions, as well as unimaginable poverty and disease. Africa is a continent where some Catholics still go to the local witch doctor when their children fall sick and where a black priest has questioned the use of bread and wine in Communion because they are associated with wealthy white settlers.

A century ago, missionaries had hardly begun their work. Spiritual power lay in rites performed to propitiate thousands of

*In the only previous papal visit to Africa, Pope Paul VI spent three days in Uganda in 1969.



Anglican Bishop Desmond Tutu

No longer steering clear of politics.

tribal gods. Tribal religion is still strong, but it is gradually losing ground. In the past 25 years Africa has thrown off colonial rule, sometimes replacing it with cruelly oppressive independent governments. It is also the historic battleground between Islam and Christianity, the world's two most powerful monotheistic faiths.

There are an estimated 700 million Catholics around the globe today. Less than half inhabit Europe and North America. As the head of a universal church, John Paul more and more must, in working toward the future, keep the overwhelming potential power of Third World Catholicism in view. That may be why he spoke of his current trip as a "special pilgrimage to the heart of those men and those peoples who in notable measure have accepted the Gospel and . . . constitute the continuation of the *Acts of the Apostles* . . . from generation to generation, from century to century."

One of the astonishing things about the growth of Christianity in Africa is that it increased dramatically after colonialism ended. "One would have thought," says South Africa's Anglican Bishop Desmond Tutu, "that Christianity, having come with foreigners, would have been rejected when independence came and the church would have declined." In 1960 Africa was only about 30% Christian. In 1980 it is nearly half Christian.

In explanation, Tutu and others cite various factors, secular and spiritual. Tribal religion lost power as Africans began to cross tribal lines. Islam might have filled this void, but the much anticipated Muslim surge, funded by new Arab oil wealth, has yet to materialize in black Africa. More important, most experts agree, is the record of the Christian missionaries. According to one theory, the past stereotype that missionaries were deeply disliked and distrusted stemmed from colonists, not from Africans. Today missionaries are sometimes seized upon as political scapegoats and expelled by new nationalist leaders. But Africans are still surprised and touched by the willingness of missionaries to struggle in the hinterlands, helping to dig wells, teaching reading and writing, commanding life-giving sacks of grain during periods of famine, risking their lives trying to cure the sick.

Adds Bishop Tutu: "Our struggle for liberation and freedom in many parts of sub-Saharan Africa was led by people trained in Christian churches." Tutu believes the deepest reason for this lies in African character. Says he: "For the African, the spiritual realm is real, and something that is materialistic and atheistic like Marxism, whilst it may have a superficial attraction where there is a lot of oppression and injustice, cannot satisfy the deep longings of the African psyche."

In colonial times most missionaries tried to steer clear of direct politics, though it was Missionary David Livingstone who crusaded to close down the Arab slave trade in Zanzibar. But today Christian churches are deeply involved —partly because governments either attack them or need their help, partly because some missionaries are heavily radicalized and have rallied not only to preserve the right to worship but to protect black Africans from the new injustices visited on them by oppressive regimes, black and white.

The deepest challenge to the future of Christianity in Africa may not be politics, or the hostile rivalry of Islam. It could lie in the present explosion of religious growth and the sheer "Africanization" of Christianity that is already occurring. Since the Second Vatican Council, Catholicism has loosened up a good deal, permitting a non-Latin liturgy that may now be dressed up by all manner of music and even dance. Though the Vatican has not shifted on basic doctrine, since Vatican II there has been relaxation by lay Catholics in the West in the practice of birth control and public questioning of such things as celibacy of the clergy.

In Africa, birth control is no issue. The people barely practice it at all. Quite the contrary: in the words of one missionary, many an African's esteem is measured by how many children he has rather than by how many books he writes. But what is John Paul to do about a country like Zaïre, where many priests are living with concubines? In some dioceses it is difficult to find a truly celibate priest to become bishop. Polygamy is also widely practiced, and there has been discussion about the possibility of admitting polygamous men to full membership in the church. But John Paul does not feel free to follow local customs on celibacy. During a chat with reporters on the flight to Kinshasa the Pope told TIME's Wilton Wynn, "The situation is the same everywhere. The difficulties are as great for men everywhere. What counts is not the situation, but the dedication of the heart." Repeating the theme shortly after landing, he informed a group of priests that celibacy is the sign of their "total consecration" to God.

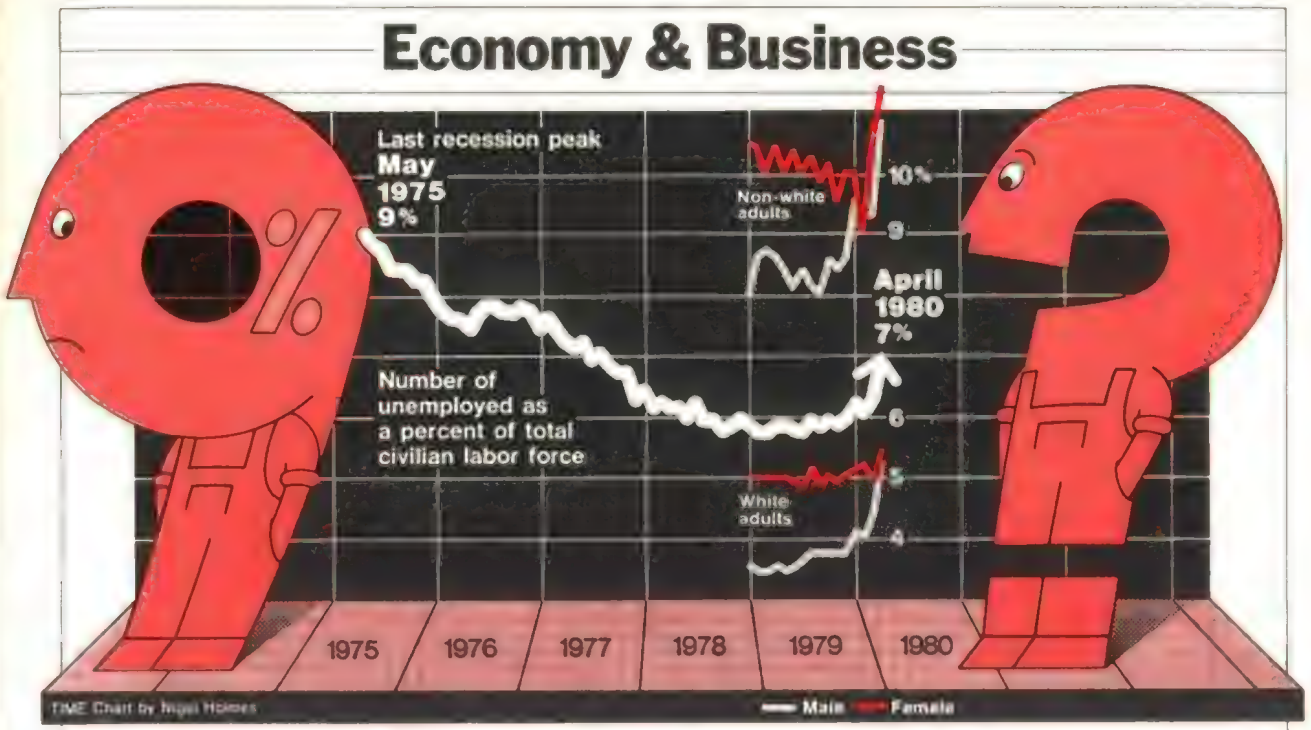
Catholics in Zaïre are also "Africanizing" the liturgy in ways marked by high church attendance and great zeal. At a typical Mass the young priest dons a zebra's mane headdress while assistants, men and women alike, clap and shuffle around the altar to the throbbing of drums and an occasional shrill scream of religious ecstasy. The congregation swings, sings lustily and sways with the rhythms. "The Latin rite is too impersonal for Africans," the priest explains. "The Zaïreans' Mass comes from the heart." Clergy were chilled a bit when John Paul insisted on a Latin rite for this week's major open-air Mass in Kinshasa.

But while the Catholic Church, and conventional Protestant churches too, struggle to hold the traditional line, thousands of African Independent Churches are growing up around the continent. They are thriving precisely because they are free from overseas restriction and remote form, and because they do not worry about ritual backsliding into tribal practices. Along with wild and colorful services, they usually emphasize healings and personalized visions and prophecies. Some, including the largest independent church of all, Zaïre's Church of Jesus Christ on Earth by the Prophet Simon Kimbangu, more closely resemble orthodox Protestantism. The movement was founded in 1921. It prospered because the colonial Belgian government considered Kimbangu a troublemaker and martyred him by throwing him into prison, where he later died. Many of the independent churches are openly syncretistic, putting the merest Christian overlay upon witchcraft, sorcery and ancestor worship.

Out of such a popular mix might come a new African religion that in the coming decades could rival, or outstrip, the missionary-planted faiths. But the key to its progress—and its power for good —would not be the keys of St. Peter. ■

In Kenya, Catholic Bishop Colin Davies baptizes a Masai couple and their two children

Preserving the right to worship, protecting Africans from the new oppression.



An Unemployment Wallop

As the recession hits, the long gray jobless lines begin to form

From the moment economists first began warning six months ago that the Administration's inflation-fighting tactic of pushing up interest rates would bring on a recession, Jimmy Carter has been countering with calm assurances that any downturn would be "mild and brief." All winter long it seemed as if he might be right. Unemployment, a major indication of economic health, hovered steadily at an unsatisfactory but acceptable 6% of the labor force.

By last week it looked as if the President's promises of a tame little downturn for 1980 were wishful thinking. The Labor Department reported that during April the nation's jobless rate ballooned by a startling .8%, pushing unemployment to a full 7%, tossing some 825,000 workers into the street, and swelling the ranks of the nation's unemployed to 7.3 million. It was the largest rise in overall unemployment since January 1975 and the biggest climb in the jobless rate among males since 1949. Their unemployment rate leaped a full 1% during the month, to 5.9% of the labor force. The highest adult unemployment rate of all, 11.4%, was registered by nonwhite females.

The jobless surge shows that the Administration's painful, but unavoidable, policy is at last beginning to take hold. Supporting evidence that the economic downturn could be a lot sharper than previously expected came from the Commerce Department. It reported that its index of leading economic indicators, which predicts future economic movements, plunged 2.6% in March. That was the largest one-month drop since the 1974-75 recession. Anti-Inflation Adviser Alfred Kahn, with his characteristic candor, said last week: "The country now faces the dilemma we have so long feared, the twin ugly evils of accelerating inflation and the long-predicted recession."

Though the figures made gloomy reading, President Carter pressed ahead with his Pollyannaish forecast, telling accounting firm executives that recently lowered interest rates and a hoped-for drop in inflation by this summer mean that the nation has "turned the corner" on the economy. In fact, it looks as if U.S. business has turned the corner and come face-to-face with an unexpected precipice.

Businessmen and economists are now beginning to wonder about how deep the plunge could be. During the nation's last recession, the worst such drop since the 1930s, unemployment rose from 4.8% in November 1973 to 9% in May 1975. Experts are concerned because the U.S. is entering the current recession with a much higher number of unemployed. Also troubling is the rising so-called full employment level. Until a decade ago, Washington officials considered 4% unemployment to be in effect full employment. Any attempt to push the jobless rate below that would only result in higher inflation. Today many specialists believe that such a rate is much steeper. Says Stanford Economist Robert Hall: "For the foreseeable future, we may have to adjust to a full-employment or sustainable unemployment rate of between 6.5% and 7%." That would mean an additional 2 million to 3 million Americans without work.

All across the country, from the aging industrial centers of the Northeast to the suburban sprawl of the Southwest, pink unemployment notification slips are beginning to turn up in pay envelopes. When blue-collar employees get the news, employers normally say that those being laid off are made "redundant." But when announcements of wholesale dismissals of excutives are made, the gentler euphemism of "furloughing" is usually used.

Whatever the term, many jobless workers will feel little immediate financial hardship. Generally, anyone who has been employed between 14 and 20 weeks during four of the last five quarters can draw unemployment compensation that

averages about 50% of gross weekly wages. Large unions now have also obtained from employers regular layoff benefits for their members. In addition, workers such as those in the steel, auto and shoemaking industries can count on receiving substantial supplemental payments under a 1962 federal program that grants special aid to employees whose companies suffer from foreign competition. In fact, some steelworkers can be laid off and actually collect total benefits exceeding $360 per week, or more than their previous base take-home pay.

Other workers are not so lucky. For self-employed carpenters, roofers and homebuilding contractors, who often do not even qualify for state unemployment benefits, the loss of work can mean immediate and stunning financial pain. Yet for everyone, from furloughed vice presidents to laid-off warehouse clerks, the lack of a job in a culture that virtually assigns a person his identity by the work he does can be an insidious, soul-destroying experience. Says an unemployed mechanic, Jim Burton of Baltimore: "You lose a week's pay and you die a little."

Some skilled employees seem practically recession-proof. California's booming aerospace and microelectronics industries are surfeited with back orders that are expected to keep production lines humming for months.

On the other hand, people employed in either homebuilding or automaking, two of the nation's largest industries, are already reeling. In Detroit, where unemployment now stands at over 15% and automakers' sales are running 16.6% below 1979 levels, factory workers and executives are both getting the ax. Chrysler has already laid off over half its factory work force, and is now cutting its white-collar staff to 65% of last year's levels. The number of total employees last week had shrunk from 130,700 a year ago to 89,900. Ford expects to let over 10,000 of its 67,000 U.S. technical, administrative and sales people go by summer, and GM is saying goodbye to some 18,000 front-office staff.

Unlike blue-collar workers, who know that when the economy perks up the companies will usually call them back, executives have no such assurance. Says the Dearborn, Mich., executive recruiter William Tripp, who has been swamped with applications from furloughed automen: "These layoffs look a lot more permanent than in 1974. The industry is really retrenching, and a lot of people just are not going to be asked back."

For Ford Test Engineer Bob Mogridge, 35, who was let go last week, the pain of unemployment is multiplied by the aggravation of homeownership. With engineers already flooding the local market, Mogridge would eagerly move to another city if he could afford it. In Detroit's depressed real estate market, however, his four-bedroom house is all but impossible to sell at a price that could provide him with equivalent housing elsewhere. "The house is like a ball and chain around my foot," complains Mogridge.

Import-battered Detroiters pay $1 to take a whack at a Toyota; the proceeds go to Chrysler

As the auto industry retrenches, executive furloughs turn into permanent layoffs.

With home sales in a near free fall nationwide, new construction is also suffering. This in turn is sending unemployment ripples throughout the labor-intensive building materials and supply industries. In the logging country of the West, 211 of the region's 820 timber mills have closed altogether, and 266 have curtailed production. This has put 38,000 of the industry's 137,000 workers on short time and an additional 23,000 on layoff.

Though the Administration continues to hope that overall unemployment will rise no higher than about 7.2% by year's end, a steeper climb seems inevitable. Alan Greenspan, a Republican economic consultant, foresees the jobless rate rising to about 8% this year and climbing to 8.2% by early next spring. Democratic Economist Robert Nathan anticipates that unemployment will peak early next year at 8.5% or higher.

As Election Day draws closer, there will be a strong temptation for both Carter and Congress to rush to stimulate the economy either through a new burst of federal spending or a quick tax cut. The Administration will also face problems coming up with the balanced budget that Carter has promised for fiscal year 1981, which begins in October. Last week, for instance, the White House decided to ask Congress for a supplemental unemployment appropriation of $1.5 billion to cover increased outlays for workers idled by the downturn. Further such requests are quite possible in the months ahead.

It would be costly and dangerous for the Government to become an uncle with a job for everyone. Says one Administration economist: "We calculate that to employ a single person in a public-works job, such as building a school, a road or a bridge, costs about $69,320 per year in taxpayer money."

Moreover, such programs are almost always started too late to have any immediate impact on unemployment. It takes at least a year for federal works projects to put people on the job. By that time the recession is usually already over. The major impact of the federal spending is to feed inflation later.

Rising unemployment is a painful and costly consequence of any effective attack on inflation. But 15 years of stop-go economic policy, in which the U.S. first fought inflation and then unemployment, have resulted only in more of both. Indeed, in 1965 unemployment was 4.5% and inflation 2%, yet today those figures stand at 7% and 18%. The only long-term solution to the nation's economic ills is a steadfast, although bitter, battle against high prices. ■

"Whew! I was afraid you wouldn't get here."

Bunker's Busted Silver Bubble

The Hunts face Congress and bankers after their fall

Those bashful bullionaire brothers W. Herbert and Nelson Bunker Hunt showed up in public last week for the first time since their speculative bubble burst on "Silver Thursday," March 27. The Hunts were testifying before two congressional subcommittees looking into their metal market machinations over the past year. As the brothers told the tale, they were just worrying, like most Americans, about the worsening economy. As Bunker Hunt has reportedly said, "A billion dollars is not what it used to be." Inflation had destroyed their faith in the dollar, so early in 1979 they began putting even more of their wealth into a "harder" currency: silver. By late March they allegedly controlled almost two-thirds of the world's privately held supply of the shiny metal, but "artificial factors," like higher margin requirements and limits on the amount of silver futures contracts they could hold, spoiled all the fun. At least that was the story that Herbert Hunt, the younger brother, told the House Subcommittee on Commerce, Consumer and Monetary Affairs. "At no time," said Herbert solemnly, "did I attempt to corner, squeeze or manipulate the silver market."

Bullionaire Herbert (left) and his brother testifying before a House subcommittee

"People who know how much they're worth aren't usually worth that much."

But not everyone agrees with Herbert. The subcommittee has been conducting hearings into the Hunts' silver-buying activities, which triggered the worst financial panic in nearly 20 years; silver that had cost more than $50 per oz. in January slumped to $10.20 per oz. in late March. The congressional investigators are trying to discover how the Hunts had corralled so much of the world's silver and how deeply they went into debt during the silver crash. The brothers' foggy memory on some of these points last Friday caused sharp exchanges with Subcommittee Chairman Benjamin Rosenthal. When asked about his total wealth, Bunker Hunt replied in a manner that recalled J.P. Morgan's famous quote that people who have to ask the cost of the annual upkeep of yachts cannot afford them. Said he: "I don't have the figures in my head. People who know how much they're worth aren't usually worth that much."

Despite their fabled billions, the brothers Hunt in recent weeks have resembled penny poker players trying to rustle up some money to keep off the loan sharks. Their staggering losses in silver the past couple of months have forced them to go, stetson in hand, to bankers in the U.S. and abroad. The weekend after Silver Thursday, they showed up uninvited at the Reserve City Bankers Association convention in Boca Raton, Fla., to plead for help in meeting their debts. The brothers supposedly told leading bankers that they probably owed about $1.7 billion. Over cups of coffee and cold cheese sandwiches, the moneymen debated long into the night whether to give the Hunts a loan. Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker made an appearance wearing a shirt over his pajama top and kept an eye on the proceedings. But finally the Hunts were told it was no go.

Though Volcker testified last week that he neither initiated nor guided the negotiations for any loans to the Hunts, his continual monitoring of the situation was interpreted by bankers to mean that the Federal Reserve, despite its credit restraint policy, favored some kind of bailout to keep the Hunts from going under. Many Government officials feared that if the Hunts were unable to meet all their debts, some Wall Street brokerage firms and some large banks might collapse.

Million by million, though, the Hunts have put together a sizable care package for themselves. In January and February a ten-bank consortium loaned a subsidiary of the Bache Group, the brothers' main broker, at least $233 million, which was backed by 17.5 million oz. of silver. By early April Placid Oil, the Dallas oil company owned jointly by Bunker, Herbert and the four Hunt children of their father's first marriage, was negotiating a nine-year $1.1 billion loan.

Some of the sharpest criticism during last week's hearings was directed not at the Hunts but at Chairman Volcker. What was the man who was supposedly stopping speculation doing in a rescue operation to save the Hunts? Rhode Island Congressman Fernand St Germain complained that the Federal Reserve's role in the wings of the Hunts' search for bailout loans showed that when big speculators lose millions, "telephone calls come to Paul Volcker for a quick fix." This week St Germain and Senator William Proxmire plan to introduce new tough legislation that will change the rules for silver trading, which St Germain calls "the high-flying game of financial monopoly." ■

Bonds of Gold

So claim modern prospectors

Gold prospecting ain't what it used to be. The old Forty-Niner went West to make a fortune all by himself. Today the new breed organizes, suits up in pinstripe, and tries to dig gold out of an obscure clause in 85-year-old bonds. This week the 300 members of the Gold Bondholders Protective Council plan to file a class-action suit in Anchorage, Alaska, that could force several companies and states to pay off $1 billion in long-term bond debt in gleaming gold.

After the Civil War, gold bonds were issued to entice inflation-wary investors. Some 1895 bonds promise to pay in gold the interest every year and the face value in full in 1995. While the 1895 price of gold was $20.67 per oz., the precious metal closed in New York last week at $511. For decades the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, the largest remaining ingot bond issuer, dutifully made 2% semiannual interest payments in gold coin. But in 1933, Congress struck the gold clause and restricted the bonds' interest and principal payments to cash.

Now those bondholders want to get back on the gold standard. Their suit argues that 1974 legislation allowing Americans to once again hold gold nullifies the earlier law. If the gold bugs win, a 14-karat $1,000 bond would be redeemable for about $25,000 at today's metal prices. ■

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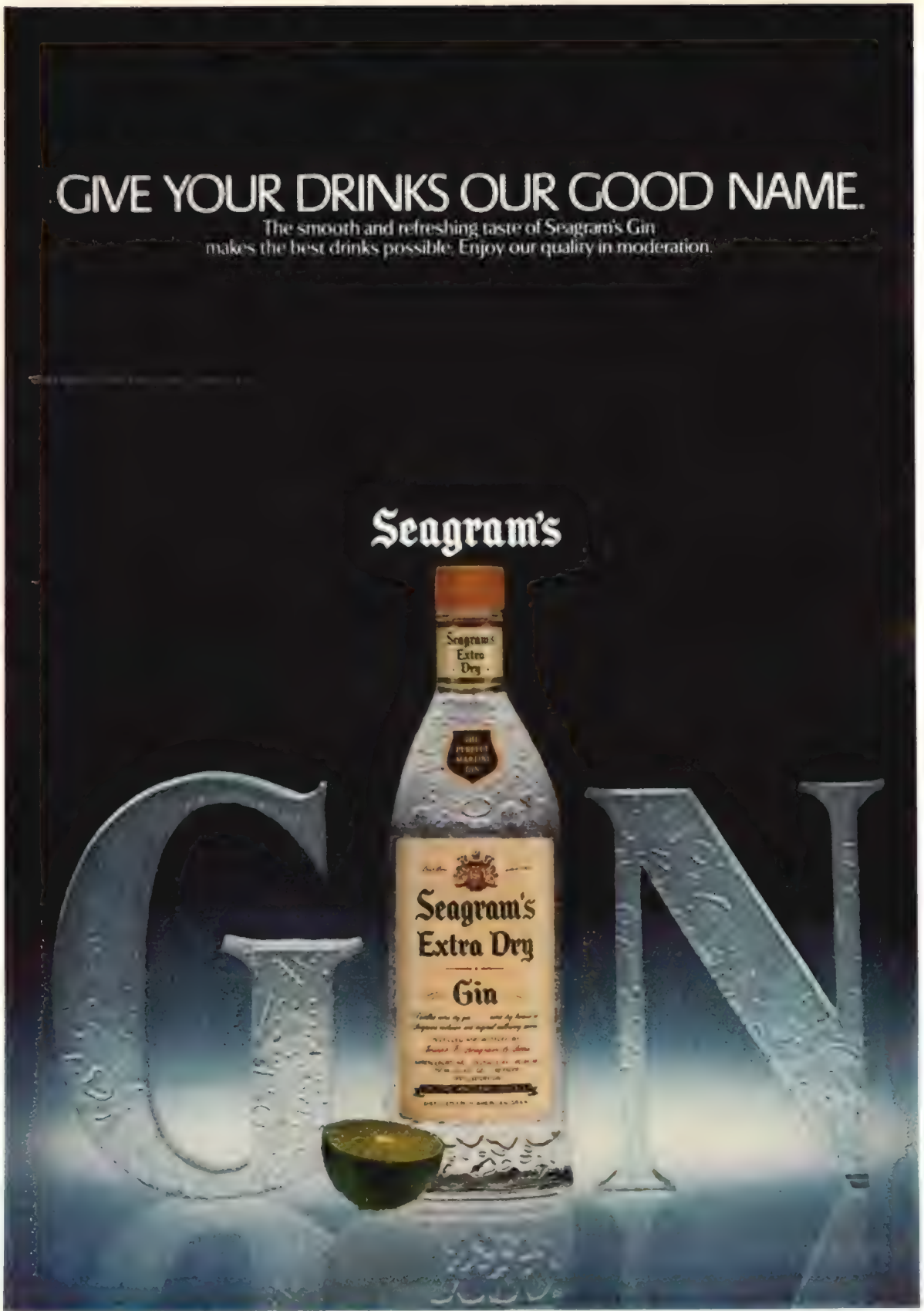

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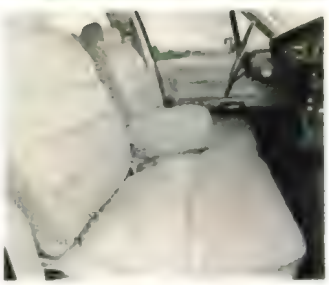

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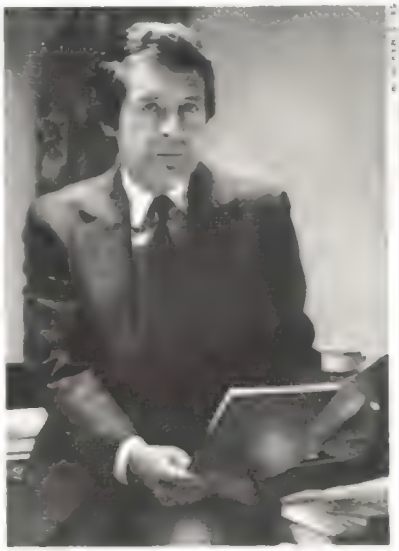
A Tale of Two Troubled Banks

Surprises at First Chicago and First Pennsylvania

Conversations in the banking community last week had the strange ring of corporate slapstick: "Who's on First? Which First?" In a stunning move the board of directors of the First National Bank of Chicago fired both its abrasive chairman, Robert Abboud, 50, and its obstinate deputy chairman, Harvey Kapnick, 54, after their short but stormy tenure together and sharp earnings slumps. Off the same day, First Pennsylvania Bank announced that it was to receive a mammoth $1.5 billion loan package from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and 25 private banks, the largest rescue package ever put together to save an American financial institution from bankruptcy. In the case of First Penn, though, the executive exit had already taken place. Last July, John Bunting, 54, resigned under pressure as the chief executive officer because of the bank's steadily declining earnings. The colorful chiefs in both banks were victims of turbulent financial conditions and the classic banking mistake at times of soaring interest rates—lending at low long-term rates money that they must later cover by borrowing at higher short-term rates.

At first no one minded Abboud's stormy leadership of First Chicago after he took over the nation's ninth largest bank in 1975. First Chicago had accumulated a backlog of bad loans. With what one bank official termed his "one-man-band" style, Abboud attacked the problems with decisive speed. His aggressive style was seen, for example, when he outmaneuvered the bigger Chase Manhattan Bank to secure the first loan ($8 million) by an American bank to the People's Republic of China in 1979.

Those driving personal habits, however, created problems in the staid banking community. Abboud became infamous for his humiliating chastisements of senior officials in front of their subordinates, and FORTUNE this spring named him one of the ten toughest bosses in the U.S. Some 200 bank executives left First Chicago during Abboud's tenure. One described him as "perverse, willful, abusive, inconsiderate and erratic." After one disgruntled banker resigned, Abboud said to him: "If you are leaving town, I'd like to buy your house."



The onetime go-go banker now gone-gone

A Hollywood divorce–like settlement

In the past two years, Abboud moved aggressively to get more clients with fixed-rate loans covered by short-term borrowing. Like many other bankers and economists, he figured that interest rates had peaked. When rates continued up toward 20%, his bank's profits nosedived $14 million in the first quarter. Late last year Abboud brought into the bank Harvey Kapnick, who had left the $499,000-a-year job as chairman of the Arthur Andersen accounting firm after a policy dispute with partners. It was like Frankenstein's monster meeting Dracula. Kapnick had an almost equally truculent style. The two were soon clashing, particularly about who was running banking operations.

First Chicago's board concluded that the executive storm had become a profitless rain dance. The board took just an hour and a half to decide on firing both executives. Says Executive Committee Chairman Ben Heineman, president of Northwest Industries: "It was all clean, simple and painful."

At First Pennsylvania Bank, the 23rd largest in the nation, the troubles were a bit murkier but just as painful. The FDIC put up $325 million in loans, while the 25 private banks, led by New York's Citibank, provided $175 million more —plus a $1 billion stabilizing credit line. In a stormy meeting with stockholders, the bank's new chairman, George Butler, 52, admitted that First Penn would lose $100 million in the current quarter.

First Penn's highflyer had been Bunting, its handsome and articulate chairman. In a wild roller-coaster ride starting in 1968, he tried to move the conservative regional bank into the same class as the major New York institutions with a go-go policy of risky venture-capital loans and high-yielding real estate deals. For a while the strategy worked. In five years First Penn led all banks with a healthy 16.4% return on equity. But the 1974-75 recession caught the bank overextended. Then, between 1976 and 1979, Bunting sank about 20% of the bank's assets into long-term Government securities in the expectation that interest rates would soon peak. By this year the bank was borrowing money at 15% interest while its Government securities were yielding less than 9%.

The fury of last week's stockholders' meeting was directed at the absent Bunting and the Hollywood divorce–like settlement he negotiated on leaving the bank. Though Bunting no longer works for First Penn, he will continue to draw his $222,600 salary through July 1. At that time he will receive $100,000 in severance pay, then $4,833 a month for the rest of his life. Exclaimed angry Stockholder Herbert C. Hannemann: "He's not bunting. He's a home-run hitter." ■

British Steel Gets a Yank

And pays millions to sign him

It was a deal more like baseball's free agent wars than one of the most unusual swaps in international business. A Scottish-born U.S. investment banker signed a contract to run one of England's largest government-owned companies. In return, the New York firm he is leaving will be compensated by receiving up to $4.1 million. Members of Parliament denounced the indemnity plan as "monstrous" and "farcical." One M.P. compared it to something straight out of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.

More accurately, it seemed like a scene from *Annie*, with the failing British Steel Corporation as the orphan child, and the part of Oliver Warbucks played by Ian MacGregor, general partner of Manhattan's Lazard Frères & Co. MacGregor, 67, was hired after nearly a year's search by the British government, which owns British Steel, turned up no one in England to run the moribund firm. Forty names were considered, and two British executives turned down the job.

Industry Secretary Sir Keith Joseph called MacGregor "the best man available in the world." His salary will be $109,000, like that of the man he will succeed, Sir Charles Villiers, also 67. That is a big cut for MacGregor, who has been making as much as $1.2 million annually. But under a complex series of payments, the investment banking firm will be reimbursed for losing MacGregor's services. It will receive $1.5 million when MacGregor takes over the company in July. If he does not finish his three-year appointment, up to $1 million will have to be returned. Depending on how well MacGregor performs, Lazard could receive up to $2.6 million more. The exact amount will be worked out by a panel, which includes two Lazard representatives

To win the full bonus for his firm, the new boss must overcome enormous problems. British Steel lost $700 million in the fiscal year that ended March 31 and is expected to do as poorly during the next twelve months. Now technically bankrupt, it is dependent on handouts from the British Treasury. Although it accounts for up to 80% of Great Britain's steel production, the company has been losing business because of a 13-week strike earlier this year. It also suffers because of its dependence on sickly British companies like Automaker BL Ltd. The aging firm, still one of the world's largest steel makers, has failed to compete with Japan and newly industrialized countries and is severely handicapped by labor troubles, outmoded plants and low productivity. Said MacGregor upon his appointment: "The question isn't how many heads are going to roll. The question is how many jobs can we salvage."

Though born in Scotland, MacGregor has resided in the U.S. for 40 years and is now a naturalized American citizen. Between 1967 and 1977, as chief executive officer of Amax Inc., a molybdenum mining and metals company, he transformed the sleepy firm into a giant natural resources company. In addition to coal, it has large holdings in oil and gas, copper, nickel and iron ore. Although MacGregor is credited with the foresight of having acquired metals and energy sources before their scarcity became apparent, he is criticized for a heavyhanded management style and for failing to keep a close eye on the company's finances. Says an analyst: "His attitude was, 'I don't care what the balance sheet looks like, I'm going to acquire natural resources and some day they'll be valuable.' "

Ian MacGregor, the orphan's Daddy Warbucks

An emotional attachment and a salvage

Why is MacGregor venturing into the quagmire of Britain's aged, failing, government-controlled heavy manufacturing industries? Despite his new nationality, he has maintained close ties to his homeland as the owner of a Scottish country home, where he frequently vacations. He also says that he has an "emotional attachment" to the steel industry, where he received early training. And as one associate observed, "If he does well, he could get the reward of rewards and be knighted." As an American citizen, he can receive only an honorary dubbing. And before any future laurels, MacGregor will have some difficult work. In addition to the opposition of Britain's Labor Party, he faces the unpleasant task of laying off one-third of British Steel's 150,000 workers. The cutbacks are hardly likely to cool the company's simmering labor problems. ■

Why the U.S. Is Slipping

Gloomy view from Cambridge

They gathered not far from where Paul Revere sounded his timely warning against invaders, and in many ways, their message was similar and every bit as alarmist. Meeting two weeks ago in Cambridge, Mass., for a two-day Harvard University conference on U.S. competitiveness, some 150 businessmen, academics and Congressmen took a generally gloomy view of the U.S.'s business prowess. The nation, they argued, is losing the international trade war; foreign competitors are producing better goods at lower costs. America now stands on the verge of becoming a second-rate economic power.

"We are at a turning point," warned Ezra Vogel, chairman of Harvard's Council of East Asian Studies and author of *Japan as Number One: Lessons for America*. "If we are to avoid going the way of Britain, we have to act fast." Added Harvard Economics Professor Otto Eckstein: "The 1980s are a decisive decade. The forces of decline can be stemmed, but if we fail to come to grips with our problems, the U.S. will wind up taking a back seat to more disciplined countries such as West Germany, Japan and possibly even some totalitarian countries developing along socialist lines."

The conference participants generally agreed on the causes and cures of what they see as the coming economic holocaust. The reasons, they noted, ranged from oil-fueled inflation and the weak dollar to labor strife, excessive regulation, inadequate government-business cooperation and, most of all, slumping productivity brought on by too little investment in research and equipment. Among the most popular suggested solutions: more labor-business-government dialogues and more effort to halt the flood of regulation. The participants favored cuts in business and personal income taxes to spur individual savings and corporate investment, even if it meant that the federal budget would remain in deficit.

One urgent need, along with the search for solutions, the conference concluded, is to educate Americans about the problems and the necessity for solutions. On this point, the participants took comfort from a specially commissioned poll, which reported that an overwhelming 90% of Americans already believe the economy is headed in the wrong direction and 87% acknowledge that drastic, possibly painful steps must be taken to correct the situation. Nonetheless, there was at least one hint that the message of cooperation and joint solutions may not be getting across. Despite repeated invitations, only three middle-ranking labor representatives bothered to attend the conference. ■

A Bad Week for ABC

Charges of angelic fraud, a verdict of plagiarism

The probers in the case may not look anywhere near as fetching as Cheryl Ladd, but all Hollywood last week found itself watching an investigation of a possible major fraud involving television's popular *Charlie's Angels* series. Before the Los Angeles County district attorney were a series of memos and business letters in which a former ABC lawyer reportedly claims that ABC officials and a Hollywood production company participated in a scheme that deprived Screen Stars Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner of more than $500,000 to which the couple were entitled because of their 45% profit rights on *Charlie's Angels*. If the district attorney eventually brings a case, it will be the first major criminal fraud charge ever filed as a result of the kind of fee accounting practices that, some insiders claim, are too common in the entertainment industry. The allegations were first reported last week by the New York *Times* in a front-page story that the Los Angeles County district attorney's office describes as accurate.

As the *Times* told the tale, the damning memos were submitted by Attorney Jennifer Martin, 32, a former ABC lawyer responsible for authorizing the network's payments to the company that produces *Charlie's Angels*, Spelling-Goldberg Productions, owned by Aaron Spelling and Leonard Goldberg. Last summer Martin noted that the network was being billed a $30,000 "exclusivity" fee for each episode. The exclusivity label was unusual since ABC already had exclusive rights to the series. Moreover, the amount referred to was in addition to the regular fee of $510,000 per show. When Martin inquired further, an unidentified official at Spelling-Goldberg, one of Hollywood's most profitable TV production companies, told her that the breakdown of payments was a ruse to diminish the Wagners' share of the profits. The official also explained to Martin that before the demise of another Spelling-Goldberg program, *Starsky and Hutch*, $30,000 per episode in *Charlie's Angels* fees was diverted to the account of the less successful show, in which the Wagners did not have a share.

The memos Martin made of her conversations as she pursued the matter said that when she brought her suspicions to the attention of her superior, ABC Vice President Ronald Sunderland, he gave her the same explanation she had received from the Spelling-Goldberg employee. "They're [doing] the Robert Wagners out of their money," Martin's memo says Sunderland told her. He assured her that no one in the ABC hierarchy would blow the whistle on the arrangement: "Everyone's been told that needs to be told, and they've been told to pay it, and they will pay it." When Martin later went back to Sunderland to restate her misgivings, he chided her for pursuing the issue. Shortly thereafter, she was fired.

Aaron Spelling

Leonard Goldberg

Jennifer Martin

Robert Wagner

Natalie Wood

The *Times* exposé generated a prompt flurry of denials. ABC said it had paid heed to Martin's questioning, conducted an internal investigation and found no evidence of wrongdoing. The network submitted its conclusions to the Los Angeles County district attorney. Spelling and Goldberg, in a joint statement, denied the fraud: "We are stunned and outraged by the allegations." Wagner, vacationing with his wife in France, said the news of the investigation was "a total surprise."

Last week authorities searched the offices of Spelling-Goldberg and those of its lawyers. "We have not yet determined if this matter will go to the grand jury because there are volumes of documents which must be sorted and examined," said Deputy District Attorney James Ferruzzo.

"If the allegations are true and ABC did all this, it is a bad scandal for the network. This kind of thing is rare," says an official of another network. Others are not so sure. Insiders maintain that the most creative people in the industry are not writers or actors—but accountants. "The definition of net profits is a very nebulous thing," notes one expert. "Creative accounting is a work of art."

There are close links between ABC and Spelling-Goldberg, which produces shows only for that network and created several of the successes (such as *Fantasy Island* and *Hart to Hart*) that helped boost ABC out of the basement in the ratings race. Sunderland, for example, once worked with J. William Hayes, Spelling-Goldberg's lawyer and business adviser, who, according to the *Times*, wrote the letter about exclusivity fees that caught Martin's attention. When the network conducted its inquiry, the *Times* added, Hayes was asked simply to submit a letter indicating that there was no truth to Martin's charges.

For her part, Martin was letting her memos do the talking; she refused to speak with the press. A former colleague remembers Martin as smart, with a streak of stubbornness. "To me the most interesting part of the story," says the onetime associate, "is that a young lawyer took the responsibility to do this kind of thing. I don't see her getting anything out of it."

ABC had other troubles as well last week: as a result of a federal jury verdict, the network and two co-defendants must pay Writer Harlan Ellison $285,000 for plagiarism of a script about a robot police officer. After Ellison's proposal was rejected, ABC and Co-Defendant Paramount Pictures collaborated on a similar production called *Future Cop*. The feisty Ellison was aware of the risks of such a suit. "It's a company town," he says. "You blow the whistle and you don't work." Writers, some of whom complain that networks and producers constantly appropriate their ideas, applauded the outcome. Ellison already has made plans to spend part of his award on a billboard overlooking Paramount. It will read, he says, "We caught them with their hand in my pockets. Writers, take heart. Don't let them steal from you." ■

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"We Just Plain Licked 'Em"

After a long trial, the jury lets Bert Lance go

The trial was as meandering as the Suwannee River. For 16 weeks, lawyers argued their cases before Atlanta Judge Charles A. Moye Jr.—with the help of courtroom bombast, some 20,000 documents and 173 witnesses, including testimonials from luminaries like Lillian Carter. Finally, after mulling over the evidence for eight days, the jurors last week reached a verdict. They found former Budget Director Bert Lance not guilty on nine counts of bank fraud, but deadlocked on three other counts of banking violations. As the jurors filed out of the courtroom, several of them waved at Lance and his wife LaBelle. Beamed Lance afterward: "We just plain licked 'em." The next day he reported that his close friend Jimmy Carter had congratulated him in almost the same words he used in 1977, only weeks before Lance resigned from the Administration. Carter's message last week: "Bert, I'm still proud of you."

Lance and three business associates originally had been charged with 33 counts of conspiracy, false financial statements and misapplication of bank funds from 1970 to 1978. During much of that time he had served as president of either the Calhoun (Ga.) First National Bank or of Atlanta's National Bank of Georgia. After the prosecution finished its case three weeks ago, Judge Moye dismissed the conspiracy charge and 13 other counts because of insufficient evidence. The remaining charges accused Lance of misusing bank funds in making improperly secured loans totaling about $1 million to his wife, son and friends and of submitting false financial statements to influence loans. At the heart of the case was Lancelot, a partnership that Lance and his wife established in 1973, ostensibly to make charitable contributions. But the prosecution claimed that in 1974, Lance buried personal debts of $710,000 in Lancelot so that he would appear more wealthy when applying for loans.

Lance denied the charges, as well as any intention of hurting the banks. In an emotional summation that left some jurors weeping, Defense Attorney Nickolas P. Chilivis told them: "Those folks in Washington can't understand how we trust folks down here. If you find Mr. Lance guilty of anything, you will have ruined the reputation, life and character of one of the South's finest men."

The jury apparently agreed. Said Juror William Savage, 37, a carpenter: "We knew the financial statements were wrong, but there wasn't enough evidence to show that he had actually intended to make false statements." Anthony Tigner, 25, a railroad porter, admitted that the jury was leaning toward conviction on at least one charge, but added, "Certain people felt the defendants were not guilty, regardless of the evidence."

The Justice Department can still request a retrial of Lance on the three remaining charges, which involve two allegedly false financial statements and a $12,000 loan to one of the co-defendants. Chilivis thinks another trial is unlikely. Said he of Government investigators, "They spent three years and about $7 million to end up with 27 acquittals out of the original 33 counts." Indeed, over the past three years, Lance has been investigated by the FBI, the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Election Commission, the Internal Revenue Service, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. and the U.S. Senate. Said Lance: "As far as I'm concerned, I've been totally and completely exonerated."

Bert and LaBelle outside the courthouse

Testimonials from trusting folks

Not quite. Rather than contest a Government civil suit against him two years ago, Lance signed a consent agreement promising not to violate banking laws in the future. Moreover, the federal investigation of his finances prompted Congress in 1978 to enact a law that put strict limits on banks' transactions with their executives. Bert Lance can never return to his old ways of doing business. ■

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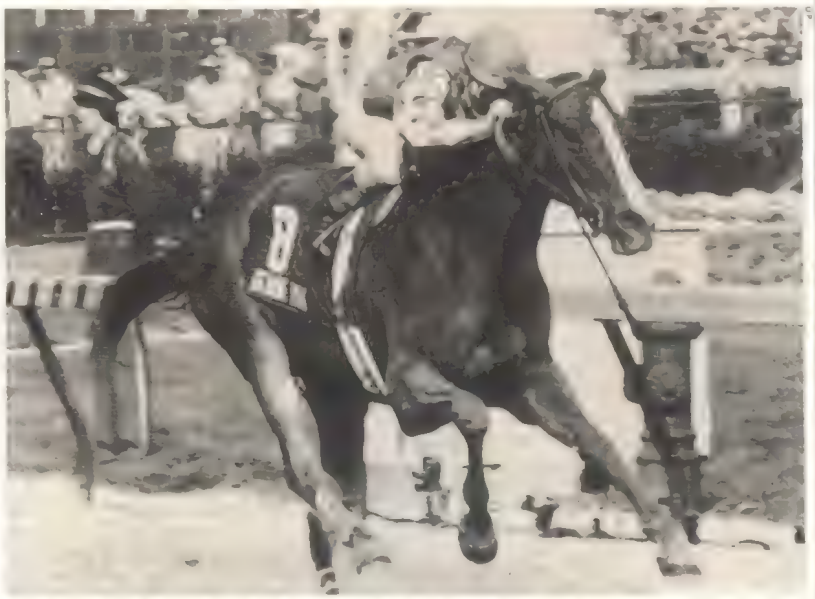

Genuine Risk sails past the finish line for a dazzling upset at Churchill Downs

Roses for a Fast Female

A filly wins the Derby for the first time since 1915

The 106th running of the Kentucky Derby was a handicapper's nightmare. After the past three years of supercolts and solid favorites, bookmakers and bettors were forced to sort through a bewildering field of sometime winners, oftentime also-rans and even a filly. Not only was there no 1980 equivalent of Seattle Slew, Affirmed or Spectacular Bid among the current crop of three-year-olds, there was not even an Honest Pleasure around to make things interesting.

Last season's top two-year-old, Rockhill Native, entered the 1980 season as the winter book favorite, but when it came time for winter racing, he could not match his illustrious predecessors. Rockhill Native campaigned in Florida, at times giving a good imitation of a colt slogging through the swamps, not tuning up for the Triple Crown. Horseplayers promptly started looking for other contenders.

What they found was a series of colts whose owners could not even keep matters straight. Actor Jack Klugman gave his horse a feminine first name, apparently in hopes that Jaklin Klugman would become the first colt to win the Kentucky Derby in drag. Plugged Nickle's chances were rated highly after he won the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park and the Wood Memorial at New York's Aqueduct Racetrack, but the odds on his owner's winning a spelling bee were not worth a plugged nickel.

To misnomer and misspelling was added missed opportunity. The top California colt, Codex, was ineligible to compete after his trainer forgot to enter the horse's name on the Kentucky Derby nominating list. Codex had won the Hollywood Derby and beaten Affirmed's time in winning the Santa Anita Derby, so his absence weakened the field considerably. Training injuries kept other key colts from the contest. Adelphi University Mathematics Professor William Quirin ran a computer comparison of Derby entries and passed harsh judgment: "This is the second worst crop of three-year-olds to come along in 25 years."*

Indeed the lineup was so unimpressive that Trainer Leroy Jolley took the uncommon step of entering a filly against the colts. Genuine Risk was the first filly to make the run for the roses since 1959. Only one female had ever won the race, Regret in 1915. Said one bookmaker: "Any time a Derby field isn't strong enough to scare off the girls, you've got trouble."

As it turned out, this girl had nothing to fear. While 132,000 fans watched in astonishment, she roared into the lead at the top of the home stretch, rushing away to a one-length victory over two California horses, Rumbo and Jaklin Klugman. The filly, carrying 5 lbs. less than her male counterparts over the 1¼-mile Derby distance, was still running strongly at the wire, adding a convincing show of stamina to an upset victory that may well rank among the most remarkable in thoroughbred racing history. Genuine Risk won $250,550 for Owner Diana Firestone, and, as a 13-to-1 long shot, $28.60 for each of her $2 bettors.

Genuine Risk was brilliantly ridden by her jockey, Jacinto Vasquez, who laid on the outside, far from traffic and the soft footing on the rail as the 13-horse field battled into the back stretch. With one-half mile to go, Vasquez made his move, gave the filly her head, and she swooped into the lead just as she reached the start of the home stretch. Running freely, fluidly, the big, lovely chestnut required just three taps of the whip to hold off Rumbo's late charge.

Genuine Risk's victory vindicated the controversial decision to enter her against colts, which are usually bigger and stronger than fillies; thus the 5-lb. weight allowance to even up the disparity. Colts mature more quickly too, coming into their full strength as runners months ahead of the female of the species. But exceptional fillies have proved the match of the males, at least on paper. The great Ruffian, who broke down in a 1975 match race against the colt Foolish Pleasure, clocked times significantly faster than any of the colts of her class over the same distances on the same tracks. But Ruffian was never entered in a race against the boys until the fateful one in which she fractured her foreleg and had to be destroyed. A haunting irony: Vasquez, Genuine Risk's jockey, was riding Ruffian in that tragic race. He vaulted from her back and tried to cradle her head in his arms as she staggered on her shattered leg.

Calumet Farm's Twilight Tear was Horse of the Year in 1944, but she too was held out of the Triple Crown races as a three-year-old. She went on to beat colts in handicap races later that year. Now, for the first time in 65 years, a filly has beaten the colts in one of the spring classics of the Triple Crown.

Diana Firestone and her husband Bert, owner of 1975 Derby winner Foolish Pleasure, bought Genuine Risk at auction for $32,000. Her bloodlines were impressive: her sire, Exclusive Native, was also the sire of Affirmed, the 1978 Triple Crown winner, and her grandsire, Gallant Man, won the Belmont Stakes in 1957. The Firestones, who breed and occasionally break their own horses at the family's Virginia farm, register the colts under Mr. Firestone's name and the fillies under Mrs. Firestone's.

After Genuine Risk proved impressive in filly races this spring, Jolley decided to enter her in the Wood Memorial, where she finished a strong third, 1½ lengths behind Plugged Nickle. After extended debate, it was decided to put her in the Derby against 1980's weak crop of colts. Vasquez underlined the wisdom of the decision: "Against the colts out there today, she could have run two miles." ■

*The worst, according to Quirin, was 1974, when Cannonade won the Kentucky Derby and Little Current captured the Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

Science

A Not-So-Ghostly Particle

Are neutrinos helping to pull the universe together?

They are the ghosts of particle physics, so tiny and elusive that a billion could pass through a bar of lead without hitting anything en route. Traveling at the speed of light, neutrinos carry no charge and apparently no mass. Even after they were detected in 1956, they remained curious, spectral bits of energy. As one of the scientists who discovered them, Frederick Reines, explains, they seemed to have "no frills and no complications."

Last week Reines astonished colleagues with word that neutrinos may not be so simple after all. Returning to the same nuclear facility in South Carolina where he had performed his detection feat, he found that the erstwhile ghosts do indeed seem to have substance. Not much even on the nuclear scale, perhaps only one ten-thousandth of the mass of the electron, but big enough to stir the world of physics. If his results are right, they may help explain the sun's puzzling behavior and perhaps hint at the universe's ultimate fate.

In his initial work, Reines, 62, a researcher at the University of California in Irvine, had measured the flow of neutrinos, or more precisely anti-neutrinos (their anti-matter twins), in the streams of particles coming from a nuclear reactor at the Government's Savannah River weapons-grade plutonium plant. This time, Reines, joined by Physicists Henry W. Sobel and Elaine Pasierb, faced a more complicated task. By now neutrinos were believed to come in at least three varieties, or "flavors": one associated with electrons, the two others with larger particles called muons and taus.

To catch these particles, the physicists placed a sealed container of deuterium, or heavy water, 11.2 meters (37 ft.) from the reactor. Immersed in the liquid were ten helium-filled tubes wired to an external oscilloscope. The detection apparatus was shielded in lead and cadmium cylinders and a foot-thick "pot" to block everything but neutrinos. As the particles barreled through the heavy water, some scored bull's-eye hits on the nuclei of its hydrogen atoms, which contain an extra neutron. These collisions produced other particles, including more neutrons that struck the helium-filled tubes and registered on the oscilloscope.

Physicist Reines

To their surprise, the scientists counted fewer than half the electron neutrinos anticipated. Reines speculates that they had changed flavors, or oscillated, turning into muon or tau neutrinos during their short journey. If such a switch had occurred, the neutrinos must have mass (since physics dictates that one kind of particle must have mass to turn into another). Said Reines: "The simple view [of the massless neutrino] does not square with experimental facts."

Some physicists greeted Reines' findings with skepticism. Said Theorist Chris Quigg of the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory outside Chicago: "It's a brute force, heroic effort rather than an elegant experiment with lots of internal checks." But none denied that if Reines' case can be confirmed, it will have wide-ranging implications.

Massive, oscillating neutrinos could help theoreticians develop a more accurate picture of matter and perhaps find an underlying unity in the forces governing it. Says Nobel Laureate Sheldon Glashow: "With the discovery, we are at the root of what matter is made of and what the rules are by which elementary constituents are held together." The Reines theory could also explain why earlier experiments had detected a fraction of the expected flood of neutrinos from the nuclear fires of the sun. This had caused some scientists to offer the chilling thought that the sun is cooling. Reines' explanation: the missing neutrinos may have changed flavor.

His work may also shed new light on the most cosmic of questions: Where is the "missing mass" holding the galaxies and even the universe together? It could be countless neutrinos (actually, scientists estimate the number to be 10^{87}, or one followed by 87 zeros). Their collective gravity could perhaps sufficiently slow down the current expansion of the universe, which has been under way since the Big Bang some 20 billion years ago. If the rush of galaxies away from one another could be reversed, they would eventually come together in a cataclysmic collapse. ■

Milestones

DIED. John Culshaw, 55, English record producer, who pioneered recordings as a distinct art form; of undisclosed causes; in London. As manager of Decca/London's classical division in the 1950s and '60s, Culshaw presided over a triumphant first complete disc version of Wagner's *Ring* cycle. His innovations, including echo chambers and speeding up and slowing of tapes, are standard procedures today.

DIED. Louis Kronenberger, 75, prolific man of letters and, for 23 years beginning in 1938, TIME's brilliant and influential drama critic; in Wellesley, Mass. Kronenberger came to the theater from the world of New York book publishing. Though he subsequently spent thousands of hours in aisle seats, he sometimes seemed to find Broadway lacking in the style, elegance and wit that characterized the drama and literature of his favorite century, the 18th, about which he fashioned fascinating books such as *Kings and Desperate Men*, a survey of 18th century England, *Marlborough's Duchess*, a biography of Sarah Churchill, and an anthology called *The Portable Johnson and Boswell*.

DIED. Serge Semenenko, 76, banker and corporation "doctor" whose flair as an arranger of controversial rescue loans gave his career an aura of drama and mystery; in New York City. The Russian-born financier, who rose from $25-a-week credit clerk to vice chairman of the First National Bank of Boston, was an improbable Bostonian. He traveled constantly and liked to mix business with pleasure in playgrounds like Acapulco and Cannes.

DIED. Alfred Hitchcock, 80, master of suspense, who brought to more than 50 films his visions of menace and the unexpected; in Los Angeles (*see* CINEMA).

DIED. Luis Muñoz Marín, 82, father of Puerto Rico's industrial revolution and Governor from 1948 to 1964; in San Juan. In 1931, Muñoz left a promising career in New York to work for Puerto Rican independence, but he soon became convinced that the island would be better served by economic association with the U.S. That assessment became the platform of the Popular Democratic Party he formed in 1938. Over eight years as Senate President under U.S.-appointed Governor Rexford Guy Tugwell and later as the territory's first elected Governor, Muñoz effected an economic miracle with "Operation Bootstrap," a series of programs that brought electricity and schools to the countryside and offered tax exemptions to American companies opening plants on the island. His proudest moment came in 1952, when Congress granted Puerto Rico commonwealth status, giving it more autonomy and entitling it to federal grants without extracting income taxes. In the 1970s, he left retirement to defend this achievement against those who favored statehood or independence; misguided bickering, he warned, was "sapping the strength of the people."

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People

Mess-making Claiborne, Beard and Pépin await the cookbook awards

Too many cooks make judging difficult when the time comes to hand out annual Tastemaker awards for the best U.S. cookbook. This year, after sifting through 92 entries, the judges pared the list to a prestigious few, including Food Writers **Craig Claiborne** and **James Beard,** as well as **Jacques Pépin,** 44, onetime chef for Charles de Gaulle. Pépin's book, *La Méthode*, won the grand prize. Gathering to receive their awards, the three pitched into a mélange of asparagus, zucchini, cauliflower, carrots, tomatoes, eggs and rack of baby lamb. What was it such eminent *cuisiniers* prepared as the camera recorded each deft whip and slice? "A mess," confessed Pépin, doffing his apron and sitting down to tomato bisque, piccata of veal, and *pommes parisiennes*, with a '78 Widmer Cayuga, all done by someone else.

■

Such a nice boy he was in *Breaking Away*, even if he did have that curious craze about speaking Italian and that frenetic fancy for bicycling down the highway behind a truckload of Cinzano. That's nothing compared with Actor **Dennis Christopher's** latest role. In *Fade to Black*, Christopher is a psychotic who works in a Hollywood film warehouse and gets his jollies by disguising himself as famous movie bad guys and bumping people off. While emulating **Richard Widmark** in *Kiss of Death*, he pushes an aunt down a flight of stairs. As **James Cagney** in *White Heat!*, he machine-guns a Hollywood producer. Then comes the grand finale atop Graumann's Chinese Theater, but that's another story. Says Christopher of his role reversal from All-American boy to cinema psychopath: "I don't intend to make a career of playing villains."

■

A boy's best friend is his mother, of course. So Britain's **Prince Andrew,** 20, kept Mum dutiful company as **Queen Elizabeth II** sheltered against the weather at the Badminton Horse Trials. But it's nice to make new friends. With the Queen and **Prince Philip** off on a state visit to Switzerland, Andrew hosted a dinner in his Buckingham Palace apartment for a single guest: **Carolyn Seaward,** 19, a Devonshire lass who as Miss United Kingdom is best known for her measurements (35-24-35). "Absolutely wonderful," gushed Carolyn *après he*. "We just relaxed and listened to music and chatted. The Prince talked about my modeling career and a little about the navy." Yo-ho-ho.

Dennis Christopher in one of the disguises he uses in *Fade to Black*

■

Few modern monarchies are closer to the people they democratically monarch than The Netherlands' House of Orange, and last week new **Queen Beatrix,** 42, and her family demonstrated why. Her coronation in Amsterdam's Nieuwe Kerk as successor to her mother, **Queen Juliana,** 71, who was abdicating after 32 years, was a blaze of pageantry and color. But a block away from the monarchist crowds, in a city lately famous for noisy dissidents, clamored a raucous group protesting not only the coronation but also the country's tight housing policies. Did the royals realize that the dissenters were railing all over their party? Indeed they did. At one point during the day's celebrations, Juliana wagged a stern maternal finger at the demonstrators.

Prince Andrew keeping Mother company before his dinner date

Beatrix and Juliana after coronation, with husbands Claus and Bernhard

Le Grand David and other company members in the opening tableau: the crash of a gong, a puff of smoke and 2½ hours of opulent entertainment

Conjuring Only on Sundays

A dedicated troupe makes magic in a Massachusetts town

The show really begins in the lobby. Ticket holders enter the theater by walking into the yawning mouth of a giant green serpent. There they are greeted by a band of jugglers and puppeteers; cheerful clowns escort them to their seats. With the crash of a gong, the curtain flies up and smoke billows out from the stage as a team of magicians begins 2½ hours of joyous entertainment that recalls the most opulent days of vaudeville.

The spectacle is billed as *Marco the Magi's Production of Le Grand David and His Own Spectacular Magic Company*. Spectacular it is. Surrounded by exquisite backdrops and exotic beauties, David, the rakish star, performs astonishing tricks and illusions with the aid of an elder called Marco the Magi, an eight-year-old boy named Seth the Sensational, and a buffoonish academic, Professor Besco. Amid the more than 50 levitations, transmogrifications and sleight-of-hand feats, other entertainers appear, including a twelve-member barbershop "quartet," a row of lovely tap dancers, an earsplitting trumpeter and even a waltzing cow.

The American Museum of Magic in Michigan finds *Le Grand David* to be "the finest magic show in the world today." Other authorities put it on a par with the best of the troupes that toured Europe and the Americas during the 19th century heyday of the conjurers' art. A past president of the International Brotherhood of Magicians wrote the company: "I have seen the full evening shows of Thurston, Blackstone, Fu Manchu and Richiardi Jr. . . . and can truthfully say that yours is by far the greatest."

But the real magic about *Le Grand David* is the cast and their locale. The show goes on not on Broadway but in Beverly, Mass., a Boston suburb. Though it looks as lushly endowed as any Great White Way musical, the production is owned and managed by the 72 members of the company. They are volunteer stars who perform only on Sundays, live near by and work at ordinary jobs during the week. Their ranks include teachers, lawyers, housewives, engineers, bankers, insurance salesmen, architects and guidance counselors. And they not only perform mostly without pay, but also make virtually all their elegant costumes, exotic curtains, intricate props and antique-style posters. Now in its fourth year, *Le Grand David* is a rare theatrical enterprise: a profitable, privately held company operating largely as a voluntary collective.

Marco the Magi is the key. Beneath the makeup he is Cesareo Pelaez, 48, a Cuban-born associate professor of psychology at nearby Salem State College.

Marco the Magi doing a trick with rings

David in a "broom suspension" exhibition: up there with Thurston, Blackstone and Fu Manchu

Photographs for TIME by Steve Hansen

Children watching puppets in action before beginning of stage performance

Teachers, lawyers, housewives and engineers all making like Beverly is Broadway

Pelaez fell in love with magic in the 1930s, when as a child in Cuba he saw the famous Fu Manchu traveling show. Pelaez later became an adept magician, though professionally he studied psychology. Forced to flee Cuba in the early 1960s after Castro's rise, he spent six months in the Colombian embassy in Havana before gaining asylum in Colombia, where he taught for a year. After he came to the U.S. in 1962, Pelaez became a devotee of Abraham Maslow, the humanistic psychologist. He taught under Maslow at Brandeis University and eventually moved to New Hampshire to form his own "growth center" for studying group dynamics. Disheartened after Maslow's death in 1970, Pelaez traveled around Europe for a year studying puppetry, opera and old theaters. When he returned, he landed his post at Salem State.

There Pelaez began to talk with friends and colleagues about his dream of mounting a magic show based on the old traditions. From the start, he recalls, he wanted to recruit only amateurs: "The less background in theater and magic the better, because then I could create what I wanted." For the nucleus of his company, Pelaez found such people as the architect who always wanted to be an artist, the housewife who once studied dancing, the junior high school band instructor who loves performing.

Theater poster

Le Grand David is David Bull, 25, who was a Boston University psychology student when he met Pelaez. Bull was intrigued by Pelaez's explanation of a difficult illusion. He learned a tough sleight of hand on his own and showed it to Pelaez. Bull remembers, "I came back to Cesareo and said, 'O.K., look at this,' and that's when I started to learn what magic is; I could master the technique, but Cesareo showed me that the magic really comes from the presence of the magician."

Pelaez's biggest problem was finding a theater. It had to be outside Boston because he "wanted something like a Stratford for magic, in a little town." In 1976 he and 17 other company members pooled $110,000 to buy Beverly's Cabot Street Cinema Theater, an 800-seat showcase built for vaudeville in 1920. While restoring the building and putting their show together, the company began bringing in some money by using the theater on week nights to show high-quality second-run movies.

The show soon evolved under Pelaez's strict direction. Prop construction and rehearsals were done in teams. It was not unusual to find more than 30 people at the theater on a week night working on an enormous curtain. Within six months the first performance was held. Despite the modest ticket prices (top seat $5), the company went into the black quickly. Says Webster Bull, David's brother and company president: "The show was conceived for children, but we found a lot of parents leaving their children at home to come back a second time."

Profits are mostly plowed back into production; the show has more than 450 costumes, two dozen sets and hundreds of props. There are just four full-time employees and only ten people in all on the payroll (Pelaez is not one of them). Children of troupers are worked into the show beginning at the age of 3½. This family-style operation has been facilitated by the purchase of a small house adjacent to the theater that is used on Sundays as a place to baby-sit the youngsters who are not needed on stage during the 3 p.m. and 8:15 p.m. performances.

The show is done to rousing music, either original material performed live or the taped themes of Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin and others. At the end, the cast gallops down the aisles into the lobby to form a receiving line for gawking children and appreciative adults on their way out. The long performance could stand some judicious trimming, and the magic —by design—may lack some of the challenge of feats by performers like Doug Henning, star of the mid-1970s Broadway production *The Magic Show*. But the few rough spots are easily smoothed over by the cast's contagious enthusiasm.

After 418 performances, the company shows no signs of wearying. Pelaez credits Maslow's teachings about human interaction with much of its success as a unit. He says with a smile, "It does work. There is a hierarchy of values here; the human factor comes first." As for the show's commercial success: "Anybody with a bit of reflection can guess any trick that we do. It's *how* it is done that matters. Magic is just a form of theater." One could surely add that in Beverly, theater is a form of magic. — ***Jeff Melvoin***

David using hoops to prove that Seth the Sensational is unsupported in levitation

Master of Existential Suspense

Alfred Hitchcock: 1899-1980

There were, at the minimum, two Alfred Hitchcocks. The "master of suspense" was pleased to be generally understood simply as a creator of elegant entertainments that stylishly, wittily induced the only anxiety attacks that a citizen of the Age of Anxiety could actually anticipate with pleasure. This image the rotund, British-born director shaped and nurtured almost as fussily as he did his films. In interviews he invariably doled out the same handful of childhood anecdotes and adult insights into himself, all reinforcing the notion of a person trying gamely to joke away a set of obsessions so common that anyone could identify with them—fear of heights, of closed spaces, of open spaces and, above all, of false accusation and/or arrest. Television, when he began appearing as host of a series of funny-scary stories that he supervised (but rarely directed), allowed him to burnish his public persona to a high gloss: the solemn-faced fat man with a stately pace and a sepulchral voice improbably making outrageous puns and ghoulish observations about the tales he told.

It was delicious, this role playing. Especially in its duplicity. For if TV reinforced both Hitchcock's wealth and his fame, making him the only director whose name above the title was more important than that of almost any star he could hire, it also did much more. The essentially false characterization of himself that he projected served to protect the privacy of a quiet, compulsively orderly man who was, in many of his attitudes, especially when he got to musing about sex, virtually an arrested adolescent. It also camouflaged facts that Hitchcock judged inimical to commercial success: that he took himself seriously as an artist, and that almost all of his work addressed itself, metaphorically, to the most sober existential questions. To use a cliché appropriate to a man of his girth, he was determined to eat his cake and have it too.

Mostly, he did, though the Motion Picture Academy, which likes to give its awards to people who trumpet the loftiness of their themes, contented itself with nominating Hitchcock five times as best director. The only Oscar he got was a career-end special. Even after his death last week at 80 in his Bel-Air home, there were implacably middlebrow critics insisting that Hitchcock never placed his impeccably subtle technique in the service of "serious" matters. As if his lifelong contemplation of the way disorder violently intrudes upon the blithe assumptions of ordinary men that the world is a logical place were not a serious theme (*see* Kafka). Or that his insistence on the omnipresence of evil, even in the most commonplace settings, did not square with the basic drift of thoughtful philosophers (*see* Hannah Arendt). Or that the decline of the traditional moral order, supported by society's most basic institutions, did not throw everyone—not just Hitchcock's heroes, who were so often forced to run both from cops and crooks—back on their own desperate resources (*see* Camus or, on any of these points, yesterday's headlines).

Hitchcock did not seem to care very much about these neglects and misunderstandings. He had plenty of prizes: Queen Elizabeth knighted him this year, even though he had moved to Hollywood when he was 40 and had long since become a U.S. citizen. Young European cinéastes, such as French Director-Critics François Truffaut and Claude Chabrol, began to write about Hitchcock's work with a seriousness that sometimes became unconsciously funny. But it was the beginning of a necessary re-evaluation.

"I'm not interested in content," Hitchcock said. "It's the same as a painter not worrying about the apples he's painting—whether they're sweet or sour. Who cares? It's his style, his manner of painting them—that's where the emotion comes from." Acting, he declaimed, did not really count in movies: it was photography, editing, "all the technical ingredients that [make] the audience scream."

Undeniably Hitchcock was the greatest handler of film who ever lived. He was not an innovator. Nothing he did called attention to his technique. But it was always there, if virtually invisible. His most famous scene, the shower-murder episode in *Psycho*, contains 78 separate shots in 45 seconds of screen time. Though a grisly homicide is portrayed, moviegoers never actually see the knife touch Janet Leigh's naked flesh; they just think they do.

Then there is Hitchcock's masterly alternation of objective and subjective points of view in almost every scene. The first is used to present the audience with a few scary facts that the protagonist does not know. Then Hitchcock cuts to the subjective, showing events from the protagonist's incomplete point of view. Thus insinuated into the hero's shoes—or sometimes the villain's—the director could induce agonies of suspense in the viewer.

Over time, the vision controlling Hitchcock's exercises in suspense darkened. The tongue-in-cheekiness of the lovely little English films (notably *The 39 Steps* in 1935 and *The Lady Vanishes* in 1938) gradually became more subdued, replaced first by the broody romanticism of movies such as *Rebecca* (1940) and *Notorious* (1946), then by the assured slickness of *Rear Window* (1954), *To Catch a Thief* (1955) and *North by Northwest* (1959). It was in the middle of that last group that, in two superb, underrated films, *The Wrong Man* (1957) and *Vertigo* (1958), he directly, quite humorlessly, confronted his belief that injustice will be done and that nothing is what it seems to be. *Psycho*, in 1960, has no moral center at all, and *The Birds* (1963) shows the natural world itself in revolt against the laws that supposedly govern it. Even so, the public was pleased to take Hitchcock's word for what he was—a merry prankster—almost willful-

The director posing in 1963, when *The Birds* was released

Behind the well-tended public persona, an arrested adolescent

James Stewart, stumbling on murder plot, gets a scare in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, 1956

Ingrid Bergman poisoned in *Notorious*, 1946

Janet Leigh in the shower in *Psycho*, 1960

ly ignoring the signs on film of his growing disillusionment with conventional morality and the possibilities for even just common decency in human nature.

How conscious all this was it is impossible to say. What is clear, looking back over the 53 films Hitchcock made, is that central to his accomplishment was his utterly unforgettable imagery. The boy unknowingly carrying a bomb on the bus in *Sabotage;* the chases that bring pursuer and pursued to final grips in such unlikely places as the British Museum *(Blackmail)*, the Statue of Liberty *(Saboteur)*, Mount Rushmore *(North by Northwest)* and on a runaway carrousel *(Strangers on a Train)*. Recall the crows gathering menacingly in a playground behind the unseeing Tippi Hedren in *The Birds*, or Jimmy Stewart wrestling with his fear in a church steeple in order to rescue his lost love at the end of *Vertigo*. There is Cary Grant climbing the stairs to bring Joan Fontaine a glass of milk—or is it poison?—in *Suspicion*. There is sweet Uncle Charlie in *Shadow of a Doubt* musing about women in a small town kitchen as Hitchcock deftly uses light and a simple camera move to bring out the evil implications of his seemingly innocent speech.

These enduring vignettes all reflect Hitchcock's central preoccupation: the intrusion of the anarchical, the evil, on great symbols of order (such as a society's revered monuments) or on the pleasantly quotidian (amusment park, playground, church, home). Born the son of a lower-middle-class London shopkeeper and reared as a Catholic, Hitchcock discovered early on that original sin was very likely an immutable concept, that bourgeois security was perhaps all too mutable. He never quite got over the shock. The convenient anecdotes he liked to relate—being locked in a jail cell for five minutes, so he would know what happened to bad little boys, his fear of canings at his Jesuit preparatory school—may not have shaped him totally. But surely he sensed, as he studied commercial art in his young manhood, that through art, it was possible to order things more agreeably than reality does.

This probably explains the routines he insisted upon in daily life (when traveling, he always stayed in the same rooms in the same hotels) and his methodical working style (he worked from outlines that would run to 100 pages and have every cut and angle planned). His subject might be the desperate improvisations of people whose world had collapsed, but there would be no improvisations on his sets. Surely the director's reverence for order explains the great sighing relief that attended the ending of every Hitchcock film. In his art, at least, he would resolve all ambiguity, banish the encircling darkness.

His idea of happiness, Hitchcock once said, was "a clear horizon, no clouds, no shadows. Nothing." Given a choice, it seems possible that he would have chosen to live in a blank world rather than a chance universe, where the evil and the unexpected—perhaps they were the same thing to him—could suddenly crowd in upon one, where everyone knew he was guilty of something, if not necessarily what he was being punished for. It is a measure of his achievement that he literally made light of these dark feelings, miraculously transforming them into deft and graceful popular art that permitted the world to laugh, however nervously, at the demons that pursue every feeling man and woman. — *Richard Schickel*

Cary Grant, an ad executive in a spy imbroglio, on the run in *North by Northwest*, 1959

A preoccupation with the anarchical, a love of whatever makes "the audience scream."

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Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Cronkite for Vice President?

When the conversation shifts from what a limited choice there is among presidential candidates, Walter Cronkite is one of the names that always turn up as for-instance alternatives. Eight years ago, he was one of ten possible vice-presidential running mates listed by Democrat George McGovern. Last week the *New Republic* quoted him as saying he would be honored if asked to accept a similar spot on Republican John Anderson's independent ticket. Obviously such a remark must have given CBS fits, putting in jeopardy in the midst of the campaign its star anchorman's reputation for neutrality. Cronkite, off on a sailing holiday, said he had been "misinterpreted." The stir makes a point: as the man the country trusts most to bring it the news, Cronkite seems to have a calm and sensible response to events. What if he were put in charge of them?

Unthinkable? Less so in an era when a movie actor and a peanut farmer are front runners for the presidency. "Oh, yes, I've daydreamed about it," Cronkite says. "As I've daydreamed about sailing around the world—or rather, not as much, because I *have* thought of sailing around the world."

His thinking goes like this: "Obviously anybody in any profession has a perfect right to get into politics. But one shouldn't as a journalist serve two masters. There's a basic conflict of interest—it's a bad idea. I've been approached by both sides. Some are sincere, but others are flatly cynical, wanting to take advantage of a name that requires no buildup, no posters. Popularity on TV might have great appeal, but I don't have any policy on how to run the country."

The anchorman off-camera

Cronkite retires as an anchorman in 1981. He considers himself independent, has never registered as Republican or Democrat, and doesn't always vote. "I'm not totally pleased if people find me more trustworthy than others—that's what we're *all* about in this business," he says. Besides, the trustworthiness is in the impartiality: "As soon as you start to delineate your positions, you'd start to lose them. Another factor: I know I can't make compromises to suit the people that would put me up, that I'd have taken money from."

Even so, he is tempted. Unlike most political reporters he thinks campaigning, and the plaudits that come with it, would be fun, and that "it might be interesting to serve in the United States Senate, for instance." He adds with a familiar grin: "Don't think because I'm such a glib talker on the subject that I've considered it a lot."

Cronkite as candidate would be a case of choosing character over known views. He belongs at the neuter end of journalism. Any editorial writer or Washington columnist, thundering away anonymously at his typewriter and exuding no charisma at all, feels it his bounden duty to have firm views about inflation, Iran, energy and Israel. Basically, Cronkite delivers the news and makes radio commentaries, not all of which he writes himself. Cronkite performs in the language that Columnist Charles McCabe of the San Francisco *Chronicle* calls Safespeak, a pudding of bland consensus wording that anchormen become practiced in. When Cronkite interviews, he doesn't try to top a guest with superior arguments but simply seeks to draw him out, pierce his evasions, make him explain himself. Such self-restraint can come at the expense of firming up one's own conclusions on any subject. Cronkite agrees: "The very constraint against taking positions is a mark of the professional in journalism, not letting opinions impact on reporting. I've spent a lifetime suppressing them." His one conspicuous expression of opinion came in 1968 on a trip to Indochina, where he went public with his disenchantment with the war, a switch made more dramatic because of his previous reputation as an avuncular pro-Establishment patriot.

A lifetime spent professionally in not taking decided views might seem to disqualify him from becoming a politician who must conceive of programs and argue them forcefully. But Cronkite has a remedy for anchorman's blandness: "That's why I make speeches. It forces me into putting my thoughts on paper." Just a way to keep in training at having thoughts of his own. These are the ruminations of a man fascinated by politics and ready to consider it as a second career—but not yet.

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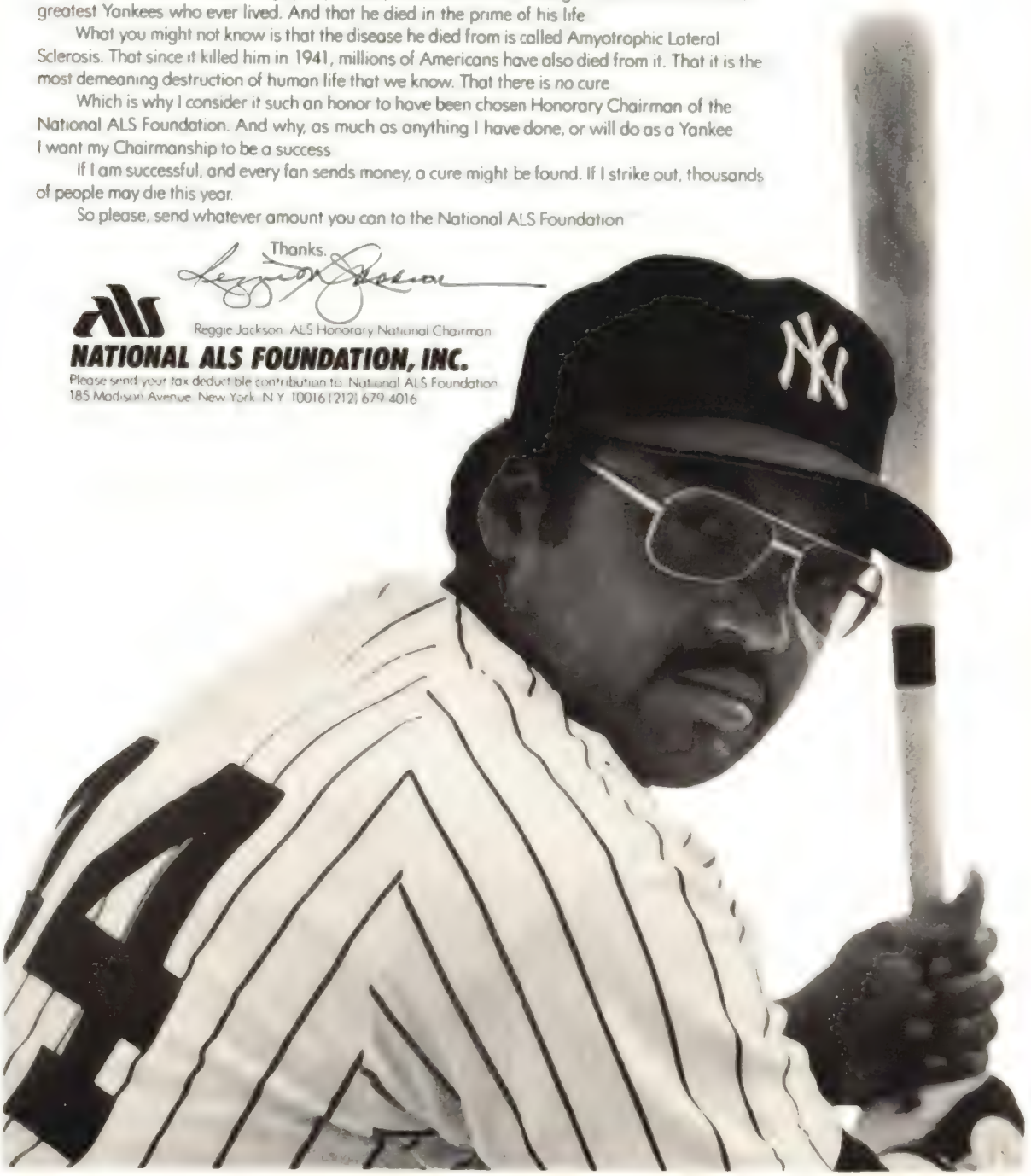

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A Summer of Discontent

FALLING IN PLACE *by Ann Beattie; Random House; 342 pages; $10.95*

Skylab is falling; Blondie's throbbing *Heart of Glass* dissipates in the air waves; the gas pumps are sucking dry. It is the summer of 1979, the twilight of an entropic decade and the desultory time frame of Ann Beattie's second novel. Her first, *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, was filmed last year as *Head over Heels*, and her short stories have been collected in two books, *Distortions* (1976) and *Secrets and Surprises* (1979). Beattie, 32, writes with quiet wit and subdued sympathy about the states of mind that have become the clichés of middle-class malaise. One need not elaborate, except to say that after 30 years of postwar fiction, American writers appear to have reversed Tolstoy's happy-family dictum. It now appears that all unhappy families are alike.

The Knapps of *Falling in Place* are typical. Marriage for Louise and John survives by inertia. A divorce requires action and that is precisely what they are unwilling to take, or incapable of taking. Instead they have a vague arrangement: John comes home to Connecticut on weekends for picnics and such with Louise and their children, Mary, 15, and John Joel, 10. During the week Knapp commutes from his Manhattan office to his mother's house in suburban Westchester County. He usually arrives late because he spends the evenings with his mistress Nina in the city. At home, his children grow aimless and petulant. Visions of Peter Frampton fill Mary's head and threaten her chances of passing a summer-school English course. Obese John Joel's idea of a perfect day is: "Have Mary out of the house. Have the air conditioner on and read comics. No big deal."

In fact, neither the Knapps nor the other characters who mill through the pages of the novel have an idea of what a big deal is.

What affects them is not the summer heat, but the cultural humidity, which Ann Beattie maintains just this side of a dramatic downpour. The single break in her purposefully oppressive atmosphere occurs when John Joel plinks his sister in the side with a gun he did not know was loaded. It is the sort of casual, thoughtless act usually associated with children. But then most of Beattie's grownups, particularly her men, behave in childish ways.

Knapp, for example, tries to penetrate his wife's loneliness with an insensitive sexual prank that involves a duck's foot taken from a Chinese restaurant. Louise doesn't see the humor: "Is this what you and the New York girls are into?" Hardly, as Nina can verify. She suggests that Knapp uses her apartment as a refuge, and he comes to see her point: "She was right that he hid in her apartment. He was hiding from himself, or at best playing peek-a-boo, pretending it was a safe game and that there were only little surprises: the infant seeing that it's still a friend behind the fingers."

Between the Knapps and their children is a middle generation of bemused souls. Cynthia Forrest teaches summer school and has the unenviable task of getting Mary and other Peter Frampton fans to pay a little attention to Jane Austen. Cynthia's boyfriend, Peter Spangle, is in Spain dribbling away the last of a small inheritance. He left before reversing the fan in the kitchen window; the hot air blows in.

Falling in Place is full of such little disturbances: dirty windshields, overplucked eyebrows, a candlestick too high to hold a candle and still fit in a bookcase, a cut finger, a blister on a toe. Things, events and even characters are as weightless and isolated as those poker-faced plaster figures by George Segal that John Joel and a friend gape at in Manhattan's Whitney Museum. A party at Nina's sums it up pretty well: "The game now was pin the tail on the donkey, but instead of a tail there was her green bathtowel, and instead of a donkey there was a yelping, stoned person who thought he was playing another game, insisted on it, and was getting very annoyed at being pursued as a donkey. At least, that's what it seemed like. No one was communicating terribly well."

Beattie, at least, gets her point across by casually shifting scenes, deliberately slowing the pace with seemingly gratuitous descriptions of daily tasks and the sort of lines that sometimes pass for sophisticated humor in *New Yorker* cartoons ("Cynthia, meet Peter Spangle—a man who knows how to treat a girl who makes three-twenty an hour").

There is a languid fascination in the way Beattie evokes this circle of emotional drifters. She exhibits a casual grace and some knowing moves, but not much more. Reading *Falling in Place* is not unlike watching someone stir the summer air with a Frisbee. — ***R.Z. Sheppard***

Excerpt

"She took a drink. He took a drink.

He was afraid that if he asked her what she did think, she might tell him, and it might surprise him. It was too early in the conversation to ask what she was thinking.

'When I feel like giving up—not showing up to teach—when I'm in a bad mood, I see it their way. I see the absurdity of thinking about any time but our own. I can see wanting books to hit me over the head and tell me what to do about my problems. I don't want to know what the *Odyssey* has to do, indirectly, with my problems: I want Ann Landers.'

'But Ann Landers is predictable. You have to distrust those answers because of that.'

'Is she?' Cynthia said. 'I don't read Ann Landers.'"

Ann Beattie

Measuring the cultural humidity in the twilight of an entropic decade.

Honest Labor

WHAT ONLY A MOTHER CAN TELL YOU ABOUT HAVING A BABY
by K.C. Cole; Anchor/ Doubleday
318 pages; $10.95

Childbirth remains one of the most grotesque and transcendent of all natural functions, matched perhaps only by its necessary preliminary. Everything about the process is astonishing. Especially the baby. Science Writer K.C. Cole, despite her own and her husband's most diligent efforts to know exactly what was happening, was still surprised. As she writes, "There is a wide range of things, it seems, that nobody ever tells you about having a baby." Her book, aptly titled *What Only a Mother Can Tell You About Having a Baby*, tries to narrow that range.

For her research, Cole taped interviews with groups of mothers and sent out hundreds of questionnaires. Unfortunately, her research included no unmarried mothers, no one who had had a woman obstetrician and no one who had had a baby at home. Still, her initial discovery applies to anyone in pregnancy: "Whatever the rules, each woman is bound to be the exception." Her book, which includes many viewpoints and possibilities, is a kind of print-version support group, and, as she suggests, should be read along with all the other how-to-have-a-baby books.

KEN SPENCER

K.C. Cole and son

Every woman is an exception.

Many of those books are written by doctors and, while soberly reassuring and biologically informative, tend to address private qualms in a condescending manner. Cole's book is breezy, full of quotes from mothers, and reassuring. She points out, for example, the almost always overlooked distinction between being pregnant and actually being a mother. "While the two are biologically connected, emotionally they may have nothing in common at all." In other words, if you are eight months pregnant and find someone else's baby a repulsive blob, you have not necessarily made a horrible mistake.

Living with the baby is the lesson, and it is one not only mothers can learn: "I can certainly sympathize with a father who doesn't want to be a witness to the pain of labor, or who is frightened by hospitals and wary of birth: all that blood and gore. I absolutely understand why he would want to avoid dirty diapers. And I believe him when he says he doesn't know the first thing about caring for a baby. That's exactly how most mothers feel. The difference is, most mothers don't have a choice."

These days, an informed father is essential, not least, in Cole's book, because he is the mother's backup in her struggles with the obstetrician. Male doctors are not exactly the heroes of this book. For all is not peaceful birthing rooms and tranquil, exultant deliveries, as older mothers once hoped. According to Cole, women who have placed their faith in the teachings of Fernand Lamaze, Frederick Leboyer, Elizabeth Bing and other advocates of natural childbirth will, almost au-

tomatically, find themselves in an adversary position when they enter the hospital. She writes: "The truth is that childbirth in America is getting more *un*natural every day. A woman expecting her first baby today has a 25% chance of delivering by caesarean. Even a 'natural' birth often means that the mother is merely 'awake' for the proceedings. Never mind that she's strapped down, numb below the waist, electronically monitored, chemically induced, and intravenously fed."

One of the things nobody seems to explain about having a baby is what happens to the mother immediately afterward. Cole is particularly good in her description of the upheaval: the physical exhaustion, bodily ruin, wetness, bewilderment, depression. "Conserve power," she advises. "Don't plan on dinner for twenty. Don't entertain too many relatives that are a drain on you. Don't—as I did—fly out to Santa Barbara for a week . . . Don't try to prove that having a baby isn't going to make a difference in your life," she warns. "It is."

That difference, the author steadily and hearteningly reminds her readers, is in the end worth all the prior trauma and trouble. To have a baby, she urges, read what you will and then do what seems best. What seems best is to start by reading Cole and heeding her sound counsel. To live with the baby, she says, "savor every morsel of motherhood as it comes along." — ***Jane O'Reilly***

Notable

IN JOY STILL FELT

by Isaac Asimov
Doubleday; 828 pages; $19.95

The prolific professor has produced more than 200 books, as well as a feast of science-fiction stories, articles, essays and verse. Yet according to Isaac Asimov, the repast is prologue. For many of the author's previous works have been written to earn a living; the latest, his 216th, is a labor of love. Its subject: the author's favorite, Isaac Asimov. Heavy enough to produce bursitis and double the price of standard sci-fi, the second installment of Asimov's autobiography appears formidable. It turns out to be even more entertaining than Volume I, *In Memory Yet Green*. Covering the years between 1954 and 1978, *In Joy* is a detailed account of the writer's literary recognition, his marital failure, his thyroid cancer, his heart attack and the trauma of turning 40: "But the evil day came. On January 2, 1960, I was forty years old. To be sure, there's nothing wrong with middle age, but it comes hard to a person who is a child prodigy by profession. Of course, I have never permitted myself to *act* old, or to admit to being old or even middle-aged in public. I maintain always that I am 'a little over thirty' and that I am 'in my late

Isaac Asimov
A child prodigy by profession

youth.' " The book may tell more than anyone wanted to ask about the life of America's most accomplished explainer. But it does it so disarmingly that readers should be almost as fascinated with its subject as he is with himself.

ORWELL: THE TRANSFORMATION

by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams
Knopf; 302 pages; $12.95

Animal Farm by H. Lewis Allways? *Nineteen Eighty-Four* by Kenneth Miles or P.S. Burton? These were some of the pseudonyms that the young English writer Eric Blair considered when he published his first book, *Down and Out in*

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Books

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George Orwell

More was involved than a name change

Paris and London, in 1933. He settled, of course, on George Orwell. But far more was involved than a name change, argue Stansky and Abrahams (authors of the 1972 biographical study *The Unknown Orwell*). Blair was feeling his way as a minor novelist, self-absorbed and "unremittingly nonpolitical." By the time Eric fully became George, he was passionately political in every line. The transformation was triggered by the poverty, unemployment and neglect he saw while researching *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937). Then the Spanish Civil War confirmed his vision of a new socialist order—and gave him an education in the treachery of internecine politics. In between these experiences, he married his first wife, a bright, game girl named Eileen O'Shaughnessy. One of the delights of this sensitive, intelligent book is its portrayal of Eileen and of her importance to Orwell's new identity. In their first summer together, they kept a sparse little shop (candy, string, tea, flour) in a country village, gardening and tending goats and chickens while Orwell worked on *Wigan Pier*. Through all his later years of anguished achievement and fame, write the authors, "the happiness of that long-ago summer would never be recaptured."

FOREIGN MATTER
by Christopher Byron
Doubleday; 253 pages; $10

To pass this earnest first novel off as a thriller ("danger in the air" and "a beautiful, secretive woman" are promised on the jacket) may be good marketing, but the book is better than its cover. True, *Foreign Matter*, written by TIME Associate Editor Christopher Byron, starts off with a full tank of international petropolitics and foreign intrigue: Why is the CIA promoting phony rumors of an oil strike in the Aegean? Why is the Greek secret service trying to cover up Cypriot gunrunning? Into this muddle stumbles Alexander Montgomery, a battle-scarred correspondent who has fled to an obscure Greek island for some R. and R. Always the reporter, Montgomery cannot resist trying to find answers to the diplomatic chicanery he detects all around him. But in the process, he loses the beautiful woman, the scoop he was after and, eventually, his arrogance and cynicism. Politics and skulduggery recede in importance, and the journalist discovers that life's magic and mystery may be more precious than hard facts. As Montgomery's elusive lady tells him, "Sometimes the truth really *is* simple and pure and just as you see it." Purely and simply, this is no mere thriller. ■

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Freddy's Book, *John Gardner* • Kennedy for the Defense, *George V. Higgins* • Life Before Man, *Margaret Atwood* • Morgan's Passing, *Anne Tyler* • Neighbors *Thomas Berger* • The Bloody Chamber, *Angela Carter* • The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four, and Five, *Doris Lessing*

NONFICTION: Fatal Flowers, *Rosemary Daniell* • Hollywood: The Pioneers *Kevin Brownlow & John Kobal* Philosophy and Public Policy, *Sidney Hook* • The Last Nomad, *Wilfred Thesiger* • The Return of Eva Perón, *V.S. Naipaul* • The Tale Bearers, *V.S. Pritchett* • Thirty Seconds *Michael J. Arlen*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (1 last week)*
2. No Love Lost, *Van Slyke (4)*
3. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (2)*
4. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (3)*
5. Portraits, *Freeman (5)*
6. The Dead Zone, *King*
7. Whip Hand, *Francis*
8. Man, Woman and Child, *Segal*
9. Glitter and Ash, *Smith*
10. Who's on First, *Buckley (8)*

NONFICTION

1. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (1)*
2. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (4)*
3. Donahue, *Donahue & Co. (5)*
4. The Third Wave, *Toffler (2)*
5. Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, *Fixx (7)*
6. All You Need to Know About the IRS, *Strassels with Wool (3)*
7. Nothing Down, *Allen (8)*
8. Men in Love, *Friday*
9. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady*
10. How to Invest Your Money and Profit from Inflation, *Shulman*

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Theater

Garrison, Lopez and Lazarus in *Ukraine*

Pixyland

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/
A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE
Book and Lyrics by Dick Vosburgh
Music by Frank Lazarus
Directed and Choreographed by Tommy Tune

One can almost hear Louella Parsons saying, "Hello to all of you from Hawley-wood." This saucy, stylish, frolicsomely funny show is an affectionate spoof of the golden age of the silver screen.

Act I is a takeoff on 1930s movie musicals. Using Grauman's Chinese Theater as aspic, it captures the clichés, the formulas, the juicily idiotic emotional punch lines of the period. Singing with slyly ironic comic abandon, Jeanette MacDonald (Peggy Hewett) fondles a life-size cardboard cutout of Nelson Eddy, never the most mobile of performers.

The show-stopper of *A Day in Hollywood* is a dance number called "Famous Feet." Tommy Tune, who brings an irrepressible humor to his choreography as well as dauntless invention, has devised a narrow, mirror-backed bridge span of a stage high above the stage proper. Only the legs and feet of the dancers (Niki Harris and Albert Stephenson) are visible. By their styles and their shoes, ye shall know them. Some feet! Fred and Ginger, naturally, as well as Garland, Chaplin, Dietrich and, believe it, Mickey and Minnie.

In *A Night in the Ukraine*, Groucho lives. So do Chico, Harpo and that lady of the formidable *embonpoint*, Margaret Dumont. The program note says that this exercise in dementia is "loosely based on Chekhov's *The Bear*." Groucho (David Garrison) is the shysterish Samovar the Lawyer. Chico (Frank Lazarus) is a larcenous tongue-in-cheeky footman to the imperious Mrs. Pavlenko (Hewett), the Dumont role. Perfectly at ease as Harpo, Priscilla Lopez is a creature from another planet, who at one wonderfully zany moment plucks out the inevitable harp solo on the spokes of an upside-down bicycle.

Every type of cherished ploy from the classic Marx canon is here, the inane non sequiturs, the sappy puns and the bedlam chases, in this instance through the byzantine corridors of Tony Walton's red-wallpapered dollhouse of a set. Dick Vosburgh splices his own lines into the action as if he had collaborated on the films. To use a song title from the show: *Hooray for Hollywood.* — ***T.E. Kalem***

Circus Hoopla

BARNUM
Music by Cy Coleman
Directed and Staged by Joe Layton

Jim Dale is the Decathlon Man of the musical theater. In this show, he walks a tightrope, rides a unicycle and launches himself from a trampoline to a small balcony, besides singing and dancing. But dynamic versatility merely taps Dale's appeal. He is a born charmer with an infectious grin who never gives a self-serving performance. Every bouncing inch of his body is bent on pleasing the audience.

It is lucky that Dale is so irresistible, since the book makes him a horseless rider. Writer Mark Bramble has sketched in the details of Barnum's career like a superficially canned guided tour. We can grasp Barnum's relish for humbuggery *(There's a Sucker Born Ev'ry Minute)*, but not the calm, staunch loyalty his wife (Glenn Close) displays even during his dalliance with "the Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind (Marianne Tatum).

Jim Dale and Glenn Close in *Barnum*
There's a sucker born every minute.

With Dale at the hub, circus hoopla makes the evening spin. There are juggling acts, clown acts, acrobats, tumblers, a baton-twirling whiz (Sophie Schwab) and a marching band that goes swirling into the aisles. David Mitchell's set, festooned with primary colors, is a child's dream of the Big Top. While Michael Stewart has written prosaic nuts-and-bolts lyrics, Cy Coleman's music has a hang-gliding lift to it, and one lovely ballad, *The Colors of My Life*, will probably take off for a life of its own. As for Joe Layton's staging, the blinding speed of his now-you-see-it-now-you-don't direction makes playgoers forget that they can see right through *Barnum*. — ***T.E.K.***

Shredded Wit

HAPPY NEW YEAR
Made into a Musical and Directed by Burt Shevelove

Nature tries to avoid genetic mutations. Broadway will hybridize anything if it looks like box-office loot. Burt Shevelove, a clever and intelligent man, obviously had a dream collaboration in mind when he thought of mating some svelte Cole Porter songs with Philip Barry's sophisticated play *Holiday*.

What has happened? The Porter score has been excised from several disparate musicals and fitted with procrustean zeal to the Barry play. *Holiday* has been shredded, which necessitates a narrator to fill in the gaps. Though he plays this role with guileful urbanity, John McMartin cannot wholly disguise the fact that, except in the case of *Our Town*, a narrator is the way a show takes a sleeping pill. Those who have seen the 1938 Cary Grant–Katharine Hepburn movie version of *Holiday* will recall that this is the tale of a stuffy rich girl, Julia (played here by Kimberly Farr), with a perky, venturesome sister, Linda (Leslie Denniston), the Hepburn role. Julia gets affianced to Johnny Case (Michael Scott), the Grant role, an up-and-coming stockbroker with the revolutionary notion of retiring and savoring the world while young, and working later. When he sticks to his plan, Julia ditches him and Linda elopes with him.

Vintage Porter numbers always delight, and one torchy lament *(After You, Who?)* deserves to be heard more often. Valiant work is done by all acting hands, especially by Denniston as the ardently fetching Linda, but this quasi musical is about as happy as a depleted New Year's dawn when it seems to be raining incessantly inside your skull. — ***T.E.K.***

The Temptations of Revenge

"Life being what it is," said Baudelaire, "one thinks of revenge." Americans found themselves thinking about it a little more than usual last week as they watched Iranians displaying charred American bodies in front of the Tehran embassy that the dead had been sent to liberate. They thought of it again when Moussavi Garmoudi, the Iranian President's "cultural affairs adviser," appeared before cameramen, reached into a box and brought out a burned human foot (American), which he laid on a table before them.

Such scenes open a little trap door at the base of the brain. From that ancient root cellar they summon up dark, flapping fantasies of revenge. During the six-month imprisonment of their hostages, Americans have on the whole reacted with a surprising forbearance toward the Iranians. But beneath the surface they have marinated in an odd, atavistic cross-cultural rage. Their anger has been ripened by the long spectacle of their nation's ineffectuality and the humiliation of the failed rescue raid, by the nightly TV pageant of Iranian mobs pumping their fists in the air and screaming death threats in Farsi, and by the image of Sadegh Ghotbzadeh's cretinous smirk. Dark impulses that normally stay below, like Ahab's harpooners, begin to straggle up on deck.

If aggression is the most basic and dangerous of human impulses, revenge gains a step on it by being premeditated. The urge for lurid, annihilating retaliation—vindication, satisfaction, the no-good bastard's head upon a plate—fetches far back to a shrouded moment when the spontaneous animal reflex of self-protection turned to a savage brooding. The human mind, newly intelligent, began to dream of the barbarously fitting ways in which it would get even. Emanating from hurt and the pain of failure and unfairness, the fantasy of revenge became, it may be, even stronger than the imperative of sex.

The gods of man's myths were elaborately, even bizarrely, vengeful. In the *Inferno,* Dante's Deity was satanically inventive in making the vengeance fit the crime. The best tragic theater (*Hamlet,* for example) and some of the worst has been built around the deep urge to settle someone's hash. In an orgy of horrific finality and emotional overstatement, Medea murders her two sons and hurls their corpses at Jason. That, God knows, ought to teach him.

History has been just as imaginative as theater and myth. The South American Tupinamba tribe would take a prisoner of war, make him consort with a woman of their tribe, then allow the woman to bear a child so that they could increase the tragedy by slaughtering both the prisoner and his baby. Sometimes in New Zealand, when a chieftain was killed during a war between two tribes, hostilities were broken off while the body of the leader was chopped up by his opponents, roasted and devoured. Among the southern Slavs a mother has been known to lay her infant son down in the cradle to sleep upon the blood-stained shirt of his murdered father. The child was raised to avenge; it became his vocation.

Under the protocols of the blood feud, one act of revenge begot another, so that violence originating in some forgotten crime or slight could reverberate for generations. Eventually the old brutal arrangement was superseded by the laws of the state, which undertook to end the freelance savageries of personal revenge by meting out justice uncomplicated by private passion. When the state assumed the responsibility for punishing an offense, the matter, in theory, ended there.

Revenge detonates a little explosion of doom for the sake of personal—and usually rather temporary—satisfaction. But some say the practice of vengeance has its salutary, cleansing effect. Better for the circulation, they say, to liberate that maniacal little Nietzsche doll that jumps up and down inside all of us than to let him tear apart his cage.

Furthermore, revenge has its practical uses. The Mafia, first tutored in the exquisitely touchy finishing schools of Sicily, practices revenge as a matter of dispassionate business; the man who ordered the hit sends a horseshoe of flowers. Athletes have some instinct for keeping retaliatory accounts as a practical matter. Reggie Jackson of the New York Yankees was brushed back by two pitches last year by Mike Caldwell of the Milwaukee Brewers. Jackson went out and throttled him. Strictly business, Jackson explained later. If he had let the pitcher get away with it twice, he would have subtly lost respect and a competitive edge on the field.

Is there a practical counterpart in relations among nations? At the end of World War II the U.S. wisely declined to exact vengeance upon Japan and Germany, but instead helped to rebuild them, turning them at last, ironically, into the real economic victors of war. In the nuclear era, revenge may be too hairy a form of redress and self-gratification to be endured. Yet a cautionary super-revenge, in the latent form of a cataclysmic threat, is the governing principle of the nuclear age. Revenge, of course, sometimes achieves an air of respectability, of *Realpolitik,* if it is called retaliation or, even more innocently, response—as in "nuclear response." The global balance of power is maintained by a threat of revenge that is designed by its sheer unthinkable horror to forestall the first blow.

Revenge is especially dangerous when it lumbers around shaggily between two cultures—like those of Iran and the U.S. —that profoundly misunderstand each other, that in some ways inhabit different centuries. The Iranians consider that they are exacting revenge for the years of America's association with the Shah. Thus grievances and countergrievances accumulate in some evolutionary rhythm, the way that grazing animals over the millenniums developed better teeth and, simultaneously, nutritional plants evolved harder thorns.

The cycle of revenge and counterrevenge should be broken, but not by the abject submission of Americans in an Iranian psychodrama. In the first place, American meekness invites contempt not only in Iran but elsewhere in the world. Without acting with the pathological ferocity of revenge, Americans might want to administer a little of what psychologists call negative reinforcement, when the time is right, something like the message that a hot stove delivers to someone who tries to sit on it. Both sides should remember, if they can, the Persian proverb: "Blood cannot be washed away with blood." Revenge has its undeniable satisfactions. It is a primal scream that shatters glass. But revenge is not an intelligent basis for a foreign policy. This century has already fulfilled its quota of smoke and rage and survivors, gray with bomb dust, staggering around in the rubble, seeking what is left of the dead they loved. — ***Lance Morrow***

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

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